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Keeping up with the Chelsea set

By J. Mordaunt Crook

THOMAS M. DISCH and CHARLES NAYLOR: *Neighbouring Lives* 397pp. Hutchinson. £7.95. 0 09 144710 0

"I say," asks Swinburne, "do you suppose Walt Whitman wears drawers?" Meredith looks embarrassed. "Picture galleries," Brown sniffles, "are an insult to any sensitive mind. Paintings should be seen, as painters paint them, one by one - not ranged like so many hurdles in some mental steeplechase." Carlyle snorts: "Extend the suffrage and you extend the rot. What use are votes without Wisdom? And how shall a man find Wisdom in a dunghill?"

The authors of *Neighbouring Lives* have a nice ear for period dialogue. Using Victorian Chelsea as their stage, Thomas M. Disch and Charles Naylor explore the relationships of a group of writers and painters in the Carlyles, the Leighs, the Tre-Raphaels - between the 1830s and 1850s. Turner is there too, though as a loosely sketched as his own landscape, and John Martin; and Whistler. We can almost hear the "desiccated voice" of John Stuart Mill. Browning comes to breakfast. Mazzini floats in and out, clothed in black, hair-flying. Lewis Carroll takes photographs in Rossetti's back garden. Chopin plays divine melodies on Mrs Carlyle's piano: "Où, comme de l'espi", he repeated with a small grimace as one swallowing a spoonful of medicine. "Leik water" - "c'est ce que disent toutes les femmes".

The episodes open - this novel is really an anthology of episodes - with the Carlyles' arrival at Cheyne Row in the summer of 1834. Chelsea is still "in the ash stage of its phoenixism": a London village on the way up again. Their Pickford's van, en route from far-off Craigenputtock, passes by "the gutted ruins of the Parliament buildings". Close by, on the other side of the King's Road, rises the "new-minted 'Gothic' church of St. Luke's". As the episodes unfold, over a period of thirty years, Chelsea and its landmarks, the river and its bridges, form the backdrop to a series of private dreams and domestic dramas. In Cheyne Row, it is the clash of wills: Thomas Carlyle v John Stuart Mill; Jane Carlyle v Harriet Taylor and Harriet Baring. Around the corner, it is the parade of hearts: Holman Hunt smitten by Annie Miller, an obsession as wild as his pianoforte and his Miss Hunter on the stairs. At Tudor House, Cheyne Walk, it is the interaction of egos: the "Lecton" (Meredith), the "Leprechaun" (Swinburne), the "Dragon" ("our glorious Gabriel") and the "Drone" (Gabriel's sober brother William Michael Rossetti). The text seldom stumbles. Dialogue and description build up a mosaic of authentic images: Carlyle's porridge, Jane's headaches, Fanny Cornforth "poking brisky" at Cromorne, William Morris chanting "Tennyson" in an unrefined staccato style that he fancied like bardic, rare old words like rusted shards of metal dug up near the site of an ancient battle. Here is the Tre-Raphaelite dream in the heart of suburban Chelsea. And a Chelsea that is changing: in 1866 Old Battersea Bridge is about to be swept away in the name of Progress to be replaced by chains and links of brutal ironmongery. Our authors have done their homework. "Bachrymations", "muralists", "imagery", "sarked", "pre-empting", "mizzling", "acrobacy", "emotment", even the archaisms are deftly placed.

Just occasionally they strike a false note. Young William Morris, an architectural assistant in the Oxford office of G. E. Street, is

made to declaim against his master as a veritable Pecksniff.

"It isn't just the drudgery," [he tells Burne-Jones in 1856.] "It's the profession itself. Architecture isn't what I imagined when I was at Amiens, or Chartres, or Rouen. It's a business, not an art. Build cheap and sell dear - that's the motto at Street's... it withers my heart. Ned, it truly does, to be copying his plans for Brummagen Palladian villas, which are nothing more, behind their false façades, than the same soulless courses of brick that are covering every city in the country like another Plague of Egypt."

Now that is pretty wide of the mark, almost a libel on the memory of a great architect. Street was almost more of a Goth than Morris. And within two years of this supposed conversation, Morris commissioned a brick mansion for himself: Red House, Bexley.

If *Neighbouring Lives* has a hero, it must be Dante Gabriel Rossetti: "the major cohesive force behind the Brotherhood, a source of untiring, perpetual energy, a kind of human steam-engine." He is the dominating personality among the young dreamers at Don Saltero's Coffee House. His "stunners" steal all the best scenes. Sad Lizzie Siddal, with "eyes like a message direct from Paradise", and "limbs that would fold into poses that seem pre-destined from all eternity". Titian-haired Fanny Cornforth,

Tracking down the Beagle

By Redmond O'Hanlon

IRVING STONE: *The Origin - A Biographical Novel of Charles Darwin* 743pp. Cassell. £6.95. 0 304 30790 4

Irving Stone (address: London, Cambridge, Shrewsbury, Maer, Down, Plymouth, the Galapagos Islands, Beverly Hills), the author of one "biographical novel" about Van Gogh (*Life of a Painter*) and another about Michelangelo (*The Agony and the Ecstasy*), has, in this time, been remarkably restrained both in his choice of a title for his massive new book and in the selection and presentation of its content. The impressive result of five years' hard work, it will certainly introduce Darwin to many thousands of people who would not otherwise have made his acquaintance. It is furnished with a clear map of the Beagle voyage and a well arranged, genuinely scholarly bibliography.

In general, too, Irving Stone has successfully avoided the particular temptations of his bastard genre. The historical truth has its own innate fiction and fiction its own inbred truth, but after their artificial cross-breeding here we are sometimes unsure whether the events on the page are genetically historical or artistic truth, just plain history or just plain fiction. And this oscillation between fact and fantasy does eventually produce its own kind of readability, sickness, well short of peristalsis, but nevertheless disturbing to the appetite.

Other small objections might be made to Irving Stone's technique. The making of lists, the fussy accumulation of historical detail, far from bringing a period to life, may actually museum it: away, stiff and distant. However, Darwin's intellectual battlefield is Cambridge, for instance, and how unlike those Dischenian buttons which will suddenly spring to life in an almost biological secretion to characterize a highly stylized, pointed, collared blackstock, long coat and lapped waistcoat with large decorative but

the Chelsea Juno, built like some pneumatic siren: "a full-pooped frigate (which) seemed to take on more ballast every week". Rossetti is the idle apprentice. Holman Hunt his industrious foil: some days "his painting seemed as stiff and lifeless as a waxwork - but he worked on regardless, trusting to Nature, Strength in Faith - to see him through to happier days when the painting gleamed at him like God's own handwriting". By comparison, Rossetti seems almost an inspired philistine: "And Smudge says what we stand for - or what we stand against: old 'Sir Sioshua' and the Slipshod School of Ancient and Honourable Incompetence".

If *Neighbouring Lives* has a heroine, it has to be Jane Carlyle. "Languishing upstairs" with a headache, while her Prophet confronts "the basilisk gaze of the blank paper on his desk", smoking her "clarigatos" alone, while the Chelsea Sage swaps epigrams with Harriet Baring at the Grange - Jane is "London's most discussed invalid", the archetypal author's wife, pallid, childless, neglected by a dyspeptic romantic who "connects" only with his pea. Fanny Cornforth wasn't alone in preferring painters. Rossetti's Effie escapes with Millais; Meredith's Mary runs off with Henry Wallis. "It's funny, isn't it," she explains, "about writers and painters... There is something so much kinder in painters, some 'ow'".

On either side of Caroline, Darwin's sister, as she sits at tea in the solarium at the Mount, "were maidenly", but also "calla lilies, pink and red geraniums, potted plants on wooden shelves and terra cotta pots containing crysanthemums, dahlias, white violets in little wooden boxes".

Irving Stone sensibly compresses Darwin's childhood in Shrewsbury, his aborted medical training at Edinburgh and his years in Cambridge in order to concentrate on the voyage of the Beagle, but this narrative is itself curiously flattened. The freshness of Darwin's own account, his energetic boyish enthusiasm, his entirely self-forgetful absorption in the multitudinous different minutiae of the external world - these are largely lost. In part this is the result of a laudable but misguided attempt to preface almost every incident. At supper at the posh on the Rio Tapalguen, for example, Darwin remembers in his *Journal of Researches* that "from something which was said, I was suddenly struck with horror at thinking that I was eating one of the favourite dishes of the country, namely, a half-forned calf, long before its proper time of birth: it turned out to be Puma; the meat is very hairy and remarkably like veal in taste." In Irving Stone's novel this becomes:

For supper at the eighth posh he asked: "What am I eating?" The officer in charge replied, "One of the favourite dishes of our country." Charles put down his joint of meat. He knew that one of the favourite dishes was unborn calf. "Calf of a cow," he asked. "No, Puma. Good white meat." His stomach turned. The soldiers argued which was the best meat, jaguar or cat. Charles quietly put the meat behind him into the mouth of a waiting dog.

Another source of mild unease are the not particularly consequential but well scattered minor mistakes. There are no lions in South America. There were no "Psalms" given in the fertile fields divided by wooden fences. In 1831, on the main route to Newcastle-under-Lyme, because they had not

Talking at High Table

By Stuart Sutherland

MICHAEL INNES: *Lord Mullion's Secret* 192pp. Gollancz. £5.95. 0 575 02903 X

The attraction of the English country house for the sightseer is matched only by its lure for the novelist. It is sufficiently capacious to accommodate almost any theme. Its messages provide lovers with romantic spots for their trysts and the novelist with an opportunity to rhapsodize on the beauties of nature as improved by Capability Brown. It is large enough to hold any number of suspects in a mystery story, while its carelessly displayed objets d'art are a standing temptation for crime. Since it is the last repository of the extended family, it is the ideal venue in which to explore the clash between generations, while the proximity of master and servant allows the writer to expatiate on the effects of class. Peacock used it as a meeting place for the march of the intellect and Trollope as the scene for the intellectual intrigue. Moreover, the novelist can satisfy his readers about the glamorous and eccentric life of its denizens, a topic on which the sightseer can only speculate. In comparison with such riches, suburbia has little to offer.

Although *Lord Mullion's Secret*, set in Mullion Castle, is basically a mystery story, it touches, with the exception of politics, on all of these themes. Since it

yet been introduced into England from Denmark. The "stinkhorn mushroom" is not a mushroom at all, but a toadstool.

However, the moment that Irving Stone has installed Darwin in his rooms in Great Marlborough Street the book begins to gain impetus. Stone is good at recreating Darwin's outer defences - the air of humility which actually marked a mind absent without leave from the trivia of the moment to be at work on its own great project; the socially retiring modesty, which his visitors often mistook for genuine simplicity. And he is even better, perhaps, at portraying Darwin's equally impressive inner enclosure: how he was devotedly encircled by the consistent love and meticulously yet how he knew very well that his theoretical work was anathema to its ostensible protector.

Irving Stone catches this conflict admirably and, having obviously studied Ralph Colp's mastery *To Be an Invalid: the Illness of Charles Darwin* (1977), he is sensible about Darwin's physical suffering, rejecting diagnoses of eyestrain (Gould, 1903), of an "inherited peculiarity of the nervous system" reflected in a family history of recurrent suicides, melancholia, stammering and marked eccentricity (Alvarez, 1943), a neurotic fixation on the father image (Hubble, 1953), an unconscious desire to kill his father transferred to an attempt on "the Heavenly Father" in the realm of Natural History (Barlow, 1956) and (although, pace Professor Woodward, this is still a small possibility and a part explanation) an infection of the protozoan *Trypanosoma cruzi* which causes Chagas' disease (Adler, 1959). Stone settles instead for chronic overwork and severe anxiety, induced by an understandable apprehension of the probable effects of altering mankind's perception of itself.

In short, although there is little sense of the man whom Francis Galton characterized as the "Aristotle of our days" and no large attempt to follow the intricacies of his work, this is a far and away Irving Stone's best researched and best written book to date.

is not clear what crime it may have committed, there is no doubt that the role of investigator Charles Honeybath, a swarthy, middle-aged man, who has figured in Michael Innes's previous novel, *Invitation to Mullion Castle*, is an invitation to observe Lord Mullion's family and to make some deductions based on his perspicacious visual sense. For him, the two main clues to the mystery both involve the contents of one painting for another.

The plot has serious faults, but until half-way through the book the first mysterious event occurs at that point, the reader's curiosity sufficiently aroused: he must make himself in a somewhat detached fashion with accounts of the tourists on the inhabitants of Mullion Castle, the description of a valuable love affair between one of Lord Mullion's daughters and an under-gardener, and the portrait of Lord Mullion's feckless son, his daughter, and his red-faced house who chases foxes and peasant girls equal zeal. It is only the somewhat learned and straining vein, Dr. Dr. that hold the attention and could not do much better than "the lodge is empty and boarded up. No rich man is in his castle, I am sure. But the poor man is no longer his gate."

In the second half of the book, the reader becomes engaged by the story of the pictures and the secret surrounding Lord Mullion's Great-Aunt. Unfortunately, the reader and Honeybath both arrive at a plausible solution. It turns out to be so close to the truth that the denouement falls to the ground. Honeybath's, whose curiosity is no substitute for the determination of the traditional detective like Innes's own Inspector Appleby, and one misses the clash of wills more conventional mystery story, retaining both a real detective and a genuine villain.

Although Michael Innes's plot is lacking in drama and his characters are usually somewhat brittle, the High Table style with its gusto of Anthony Powell, his erudition and mild ironies. Consider, for example, Lord Mullion's reason for being in the castle: "It had seemed to me, Lord Mullion that it would be a demeaning were these letters to be round groups in a commonplace conversational way rather than being to stand guard here and there upon family spoons and forks."

At High Table, at least once weekly, a bus was a "char-a-banc" of some dashing, a "motor-coach" and called in Lord Mullion's name. When Michael Innes writes in his own persona. He has a pleasant habit of resurrecting words recently fallen into disuse like "audacity" (as a noun) and "recreative" for "recreation". The elegance of his language and the such modern colloquialisms as "the elegant style is occasionally marked by enough that he may have allowed attention to wander from time to time as did his proof-reader when he just allowed "Protestas" to pass for "Protestas". The Mandarin style, says a "tas". The Mandarin style, says a "tas".

To put it mildly, the American literary Arthur E. Gordon encountered unexpected problems when he investigated Manics in depth. For he published his findings in 1975. The inscription, and therefore the "falsely" authentic, though not certainly authentic, in 1975, the fibula was displayed in a Rome exhibition of archaeological discoveries from Latinum, and assigned in the catalogue to the Bernadine Tomb on the basis of Karo's 1900 deposition. To the pleasure of many, I myself suggest in 1977 that on the contrary, Karo's deposition could theoretically be used as a specimen for a false Manics through the good offices of an innocent bystander - a scenario that would be seen - on course - as a scandalous plot.

ARCHAEOLOGY

The forgers and the fibula

By David Ridgway

MARGHERITA GUARDUCCI: *La cosiddetta Fibula Prenestina. Antiquari, eruditi e falsari nella Roma dell'Ottocento* 199pp. Rome: Memorie della Accademia Nazionale dei Lincei, Volume xxiv, fasc. 4.

The following words are normally thought to comprise the earliest extant piece of written Latin: *manios vhehvalak numasios*. "Manios" made me for Numasios". Margherita Guarducci seeks to establish the date when this statement was written on the so-called Praenestine Fibula, a gold dress-pin of a type current in Italy during the seventh century BC. She concludes that the fibula was manufactured after AD 1876 and inscribed between 1880 and 1887. If she is right, Manios must be translated from innumerable works on the Latin language to the outer darkness reserved for Pildown and Meergren. The philological implications are slight, for this unusually comprehensible text emerges from the new wave of archaeological discovery in Latium as an occurrence of Latin literacy that is somewhat isolated in both space and time; nothing depends on it.

The Praenestine Fibula was first seen in public on January 7, 1887, at a meeting in the German Archaeological Institute in Rome. Wolfgang Helbig, Assistant Director, introduced it: "A friend of mine recently showed me a gold fibula he had acquired in 1871 at Praeneste" (ancient Praeneste). In 1898, Helbig's protégé Georg Karo cited the previously unknown fact that the fibula had been found in the Bernadine Tomb, excavated at Praeneste in 1876. Meanwhile, the fibula had been donated in 1889 to the newly founded Museo di Villa Giulia by Francesco Martini, a dealer in antiquities who had served on the ministerial commission empowered in 1877 to purchase the contents of the Bernadine Tomb for the Museo Preistorico. Taxed by the authorities in 1900 with his reference to the fibula's origin, Karo replied in writing that Helbig had told him that Martini (d 1895) had bought the piece from the excavation foreman at Praeneste, and that the foreman had stated that it had been stolen from the Bernadine Tomb. On the basis of this rather embarrassing evidence, the Praenestine Fibula was removed to the Museo Preistorico in 1901; it was not included in the transfer of the Bernadine Tomb material to the Villa Giulia in 1960.

Karo's 1900 deposition did not become public knowledge until 1975. In 1925, he admitted uneasily in a book review that doubts concerning the Manica-Bernadine transfer for the fibula were not unfounded. Alvaro Giovanni Pinza, a noted authority on early Latium, stated in print that the fibula had been made by a modern craftsman and the inscription "provided by learned foreigners". Nevertheless, epigraphists continued - and continue - to put Manios at the head of their lists of Latin inscriptions, a position that necessitates much tedious re-numbering if the text is false.

To put it mildly, the American literary Arthur E. Gordon encountered unexpected problems when he investigated Manics in depth. For he published his findings in 1975. The inscription, and therefore the "falsely" authentic, though not certainly authentic, in 1975, the fibula was displayed in a Rome exhibition of archaeological discoveries from Latinum, and assigned in the catalogue to the Bernadine Tomb on the basis of Karo's 1900 deposition. To the pleasure of many, I myself suggest in 1977 that on the contrary, Karo's deposition could theoretically be used as a specimen for a false Manics through the good offices of an innocent bystander - a scenario that would be seen - on course - as a scandalous plot.

Manicini, a talented restorer and gem-cutter, began his career as a dealer around 1853; he soon became known to the foreign archaeological community in Rome as a pathological liar. The documentary evidence proves that Helbig was only too ready to believe Manicini's story. Their partnership was

name only as a major one in nineteenth-century scholarship. I expressed disappointment that more was not known about the shadowy (or shady?) figure of Martini; and I defined the question of authenticity in terms of a 50-50 chance.

This is the situation to which Margherita Guarducci brings unrivalled epigraphic experience, applied science, unpublished and otherwise unfamiliar documentary evidence regarding the *dramatis personae* - and not a little passion. In the first place, she tackles the argument that the verb *vhehvalak* (equivalent to Roman Latin *fecit*) could not have been invented in modern times. Quoting chapter and verse, she maintains that the ancient Latin grammarians could have provided a learned forger with the essential information that for *antiqui nostri* the "f" sound was represented by *vh*, thereby facilitating the concoction of an apparently more archaic version of the perfect form *fecit* - attested since 1880 in the Duenos vase inscription, which was accepted as the oldest known Latin until the arrival of Manios in 1887. Ominously, archaic reduplication (*vh.vh*...) passes muster less easily now than it did a century ago. There is another sinister link between Manicini and Duenos: one squiggle in one letter on the fibula is paralleled only in one example of the same letter on the vase, where it coincides with an awkward physical location: a factor that might have been overlooked by someone studying (working from?) a transcription. Startlingly, the order in which the strokes of some letters seem to have been incised on the fibula suggests that the scribe was not used to writing from right to left, the direction expected of a seventh-century Latin.

Next, Miss Guarducci escorted a contingent of natural scientists to the fibula itself. Their unanimous opinion is that it has not spent several centuries in the ground. Excavated gold is usually somewhat brittle: the Praenestine Fibula is positively supple, and microscopic examination indicates that its internal structure has not been affected by mineral infiltration to anything like the extent registered in comparable and undubitably ancient pieces. Furthermore, there is evidence for at least two applications of a chemical agent: this has "aged" the surface, and one application clearly preceded the incision of the letters.

Since the scientific evidence so far available points unequivocally to Pinza's modern craftsman, it might be instructive to examine some known nineteenth-century reproductions. Meanwhile, I am frankly irritated by certain subjective observations on "feel" and "look" in the scientists' appendices. Elsewhere, and with admirable objectivity, the two archaeologists best qualified to judge the fibula as an entirely plausible combination of typological features attested individually on other fibules of appropriate date, the closest parallel is a gold fibula that really was found in the Bernadine Tomb.

On the evidence here presented, I do not feel able to dispute Miss Guarducci's two principal deductions: the form of the Praenestine Fibula was inspired by the uninscribed fibula in the Bernadine Tomb, excavated in 1876; its text is significantly related to that on the Duenos vase, known since 1880. And the rest of Miss Guarducci's most interesting narrative convinces me that the perpetration of this brilliant forgery was entirely consistent with the propensities and capabilities of Francesco Martini and Wolfgang Helbig.

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certainly in full working order by 1871, when an article (in the form of a letter to Helbig) appeared over Martini's name in the *Bullettino dell'Istituto di Correspondenza Archeologica*. The subject of the article was the excavation of a tomb at Praeneste: when the sarcophagus was opened, a fairly well-preserved skeleton was found with, at its feet, a fine Praenestine *cista* (bronze toilet-box). Martini noted that the incised decoration on the *cista* showed the mythological battle between Greeks and Amazons; inside the *cista* there were a number of appropriate toilet articles. It was - and for that matter still is - agreed that the incised decoration of this *cista* (later acquired by the British Museum) is by the same hand as that on two others (now in the Louvre) known to have been in Martini's possession in 1860; and it has long been recognized that, while the three *cistae* themselves are genuinely ancient, their decoration is modern. Martini's skilled craftsman and Helbig the well-connected scholar are revealed as past masters of a standard fraudulent technique: the "enhancing" of genuine antiquities. That they were as unscrupulous as they were accomplished is suggested by their use of Helbig's academic position to validate their work by incorporating it in an excavation report - also enhanced, if not fictitious - submitted to one of the most important learned journals of the day.

After this, anything was possible; and other daring feats of deception are described. Helbig was clearly capable of consciously launching a false inscribed fibula in 1887 and of causing it to be secretly authenticated in 1900. Reasonably enough, Miss Guarducci attributes the creation of the fibula to Martini's atelier, and the invention of the phrase on it to Helbig; given the surprisingly clumsy lettering, it is indeed possible that Helbig inscribed it himself.

Why? Financial gain was not achieved, and on this occasion at least may not even have been sought. A glittering prize of another sort was in sight - nothing less than the full Directorship of the German Archaeological Institute in Rome. The German establishment disapproved of Helbig's energetic worldly activities; might he not have calculated that an epoch-making announcement would lead to his acclamation as the right man in the right place at the right time? If so, he was disappointed. Later in 1887, he retired into private life as a wealthy social lion in Rome. And many museums outside Italy bear witness to the unabated success of his partnership with Martini.

Miss Guarducci has cleared the air. Few others could have bridged the fatal gap between archaeology and epigraphy so authoritatively - certainly not Sherlock Holmes, whose talents not even the Chaldean affinities of the ancient Carian language, which, like Manios and his fibula, may now be safely discarded.

In *Creek and Roman Slavery* (284pp. Croom Helm. £10.95. 0 7099 0388 X, paperback £5.95. 0 7099 0389 8) the editor Thomas Wiedemann, who provides an introductory outline of the subject, has selected relevant ancient sources on slavery and presented them with a system of cross-references under thematic headings such as "The Slave as Property", "Manumission", "Moral Inferiors", "Status Symbol or Economic Investment" and "Rebellion". Intended for the student, the quotations are given in the editor's translation with a brief introductory note. The emphasis is on theoretical writing - "many illuminating passages from drama and poetry have not been included" - and the arrangement of sources is designed to show the similarities in the ways in which the Greeks and Romans viewed slavery. The volume also contains an index of Passages Cited, tables of weights, measures and currency, and maps of the Ancient World.

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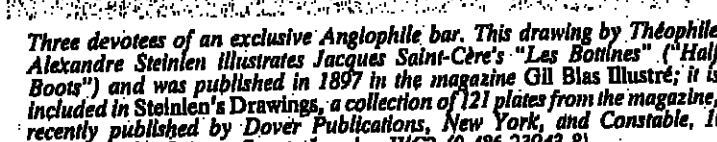
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The first thirty theses have been selected by Dr. W. Reynolds MacLeod, West Virginia University in the United States. All theses are on 35mm positive microfilm. A detailed list will be sent on request.

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Succession de scandales

LEYRE METHUEN



arched. The principle of 'later scandals, the Rochette affair also reveals one function of the personal: the opportunity for personal affrontment when ideological debate is at a low ebb. It was Maurice Barres who pointed out that the less relevant the ideological debate, the more significant the personal contest. Doctrinaires could battle over doctrines, but the core of French politics, from Left Centre to Right Centre, eschewed political debate. Politics was the pursuit of power, or at least of the sort of influence that could be turned to profit. Men like Caillaux, Briand, Barthou, struggled not over policies but over access to power and to its rewards. Since they cannot grapple over programmes, "they grab each other by the hair", opined Barres, keeping score of this *foire d'empoigne*. "It was a document generated by the affair, Rochette" that led Mme Caillaux to shoot the editor of the *figaro*, Gaston Calmette, destroying her husband's political career and profoundly affecting the politics of France on the eve of the First World War.

A less notorious scandal that followed hard on the heels of war, though one familiar to readers of Jean Giraudoux's *Bella*, revolved Jean Caillaux and affairs of another kind. The principle they sought assert: all profits to the profitmaker; all risk to the state, has surfaced more successfully since, as in the interventions of British and American governments on behalf of private enterprise that fail to show much enterprise. The question remained: how far do economic considerations enter into economic decisions?

Soon after this rather limited incident, ending in December 1921 was the resignation of Philippe Berthelot from the Quai d'Orsay, soon followed by Briand, a struggle of much broader import broke out: that of the franc. The attempt that had been made after 1919 to encourage French finance and industry in service of France's policy had not very far. The banks lacked the logical means for the policies they were asked to serve; the industries lacked the competitiveness. Meanwhile, demands of reconstruction in war-devastated regions tapped up capital and energies that the Quai d'Orsay would have liked to directed elsewhere. (The only success of a campaign that has been described as a poor model of imperialism came in Czechoslovakia which only made the abandonment of 1938 more bitter.) France, short of capital, and Germany

wars, it may be because: he is less
 familiar with the years before 1914.
 Anyway, not only blackmailers
 thrived, but respectable publications
 survived on "financial publicity,"
 dependent on those who provided it,
 notably men like Horace Finaly,
 master of the Banque de Paris et
 des Pays Bas, a brisk member of
 the press, and the support of the
 Cartel des gauches. In 1924, in
 opposition to Caillaux in 1925, or on
 behalf of the BIC, about whose
 awful losses few papers let out its
 peep.

This ability of a very few to affect
 radically the information available to
 many was only mitigated by the
 limited extent of a *monde* still
 operating largely *de bouche à oreille*.
 When the press was firmly held in
 hand by a financial power, those who
 opposed that power, although they
 might sit in the Ministry of Finance
 or in some other set of government
 had to proceed by leaps and bounds
 by illusion and dinner-table politics,
 even when they were trying to
 prevent more public mobilization
 under private training in the case of
 war. On this haphazard process
 worked: *Un faux n'est pas continue*.

No Western country enjoyed
 more verbal press than the France
 of the Third Republic, nor was more
 corrupt. Verbal corruption is
 Glibson had it, the most infiniti-

symbol of constitutional liberty. As a notion applied to public acts, it seems a rather modern platitude. Whether in Roman times or as reinvented for the eighteenth century, the *res publica* was the common well of a few: the good of a restricted public. The Republic, in that sense, was hardly intended to be enjoyed by all; rather to serve as the prize of more numerous than before. Confusion between real oligarchy and ideal (although limited) democracy was going to cause a lot of grief. The notion of a public good generalized to all compounded the confusion. Once a form of private decay, corruption became a public vice. Public persons seeking private gain for services rendered had been a commonplace: as the nineteenth century progressed their numbers dwindled only slightly, but acceptability and good conscience waned. Altruism, once normally limited to a restricted circle, commitments reserved to family, friends, and clients, was argued to apply nationally at least (pending enlargement to humankind and beyond), a view which made application dicey and public morality much more difficult.

However relative the standards of corruption, the scandal-mongers of the Third Republic qualified on all counts. Of course, it is easy to tell why so many trashy sheets survive only this way: with their circulations and no true advertising revenue to speak of, their choice lay between private and governmental subsidies; and most preferred to eat at both troughs when they could. It is more difficult to understand their influence, unless it be the influence of print, still new and authoritative to many ("I read it in the paper" only began to be ironically used in the 1930s), or the tendency to shun the specialist's advice, costly and not terribly trustworthy, in favour of some middleman: many French people still prefer *hommes d'affaires* to lawyers, and pharmacists to doctors. Less intimidating? closer to home? suspicion? Richard Hoggart has pointed out the relationship between scepticism and credulity, both often stemming from a common ignorance.

Does this help explain the proliferation of financial scandals, especially in the early decades of this century? We could do with some studies of the small investor, the *petit épargnant*, and just how *petit*, and of his agents and advisers, especially the *notaires*, bankers of the middle class. Perhaps Jeanneney will tackle them another time, impenetrable though their *endues* might be. Meanwhile it seems fairly clear that the discredit of once blue-chip investments, like Russian or Ottoman bonds, and the inflation that made them worthless, tiny interest rates paid by a dependable French obligation forced many small savers into adventurism, in the hope of preserving what they had not lost. Where once upon a time investors sought a small income and security based on a stable franc, they now more desperately sought protection from inflation and, however suspiciously, listened to whom they could: a wealth of dupes *des gogos & gogos* — for tricksters and frauds — preyed on. As the historian of medieval heresy of deceit and bluff found occasion to comment: "Malheurusement, les imbéciles ne sont pas exclus de l'histoire. Il leur arrive même de la façonner à leur manière et avec les moyens dont ils disposent." (C.F. Lévy, *Capitales et pouvoir au siècle des lumières*.)

Jeanneney does not go into this. He reasons on documents shrewdly (pushed out) and avoids speculation.

This is fair enough. Yet a little more speculation around the questions that he himself has raised would have been welcome. He shows the lack of unanimity in the notorious Comité des Forges, unable to furnish clear answers to questions posed by government; or among major business figures, at odds even when they met once a month, as they did between the wars to discuss possible political strategies: "People talk endlessly," reports a participant, "everybody speaks at once," all sense of organization is lacking. But, professional rivalry apart, he does not explore the possible ground for dissensions that he notes without explaining. Would inter- or intra-industrial rivalries, or the tensions between new money and old, or the alterations of provincial and Parisian money, or those of industry and banks, be worth investigating? Then, there are other instances when interests and politics meet with noteworthy results. After all, the author's glorious ancestor, Jules Jeanneney, who represented the Haute-Saône in Parliament for forty-two years, the last twelve of these as President of the Senate, first distinguished himself in 1903 as champion of the *houilliers de cru*, home distillers of whom his department counted 8,000 when the century opened. Elected in 1902 with a slim edge of 600 votes, Jeanneney was re-elected in 1906 with a majority of 2,500 and never looked back thereafter. The political historian will find lesser financial interests of this sort no less significant than the more visible ones herein addressed.

Jeanneney devotes eight pages to some shrewd criticism of Beau de Loménie's five-volume fantasy of the conspiracies engaged in by bourgeois dynasties sired in the shadow of the first Revolution and running France since then. No doubt that Loménie exaggerated the *Responsabilités des dynasties bourgeoises* and strung them out far too long. But Jeanneney, in turn, pays too little attention to personal relations, the sinew and reach of family money, of cousins and in-laws, especially perhaps of *cousinaderie* and *cupinage*, relations established in school or during military service, intimacies capable of turning into working sodalities, cliques, conspiracies and also as with the Synarchy he treats so potent, persistent myths. Were he to entertain such possibilities, he might hazard a guess as to how Zaire, most of whose people enjoy little food and less electricity, came to be one of the first countries in the world to possess its own domestic satellite-communications network built by a company presided over by Philippe Gleizeard D'Estaing for only half a billion dollars *à des pousseries*, and stably financed by the Banque Française du Commerce Extérieur, headed by François Gleizeard D'Estaing, two members of a clan whose activities would have rejoiced the simple heart of Augustin Hamon, who did Loménie's spandew when he published *Les Mœurs de la France* in 1936. As François says: "It happens that France isn't a very large country and it happens that the president has a brother and several cousins. . . . But it's a coincidence. It happens that we went to the same schools and belong to the same social milieu." Janson-de-Sailly and the BNA have much to answer for. There is something naive about the Loménies, the Augustin Hamons and the Henri Gustons; it may be no less naive to ignore the possibilities of the connections they suggest.

Within this is a fine book, and an excellent start for any history of humbug. To ask for more proved folly: the appetite grows with reading.

The insurance of salvation

By Nesta Roberts

CAROLYN SCOTT:
The Heavenly Witch
The Story of the Maréchal
260pp. Hamish Hamilton. £12.50.
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"Hall full", ran the telegram from Paris received at the offices of the Salvation Army's journal, *The War Cry*, on a day in March, 1881. "No disturbance stop wonderful attention comma power comma conviction stop people eager to hear stop full of praise to God." It came from the Army's apostle to France, Kate Booth, eldest daughter of William Booth, the founder. She was twenty-two years old, she had taken up her commission a month previously, and, so far, her message, when it had not been received with cold and uncomprehending silence, had provoked noisy hostility.

In its courage, its determination, its element of self-hypnosis and its youthful dread of losing face that telegram was immensely revealing of the woman who, throughout her long life, amply lived up to the title "La Maréchale", given to her by her brother, Bramwell. Of William Booth's quiverful, (three sons and five daughters), Kate and her red-haired, powerfully histrionic sister, Evangeline ("Little Eva", who became National Commander of the United States), were without question the most remarkable. True, in that family, to grow up commonplace would have been a considerable feat. Catherine Booth, their mother, was herself a gifted preacher and missionary as well as a devoted wife and mother, and each child, at birth, was dedicated to Christ "as an instrument of salvation", to be "moulded, disciplined, hated or put to death in the service of God". Nursery games were of preaching, heckling, hauling to the penitent bench; the frugal living enforced by necessity was to be regarded as a pleasure. "Never mind, Willie, it will be good for your soul," said his mother when young Bramwell complained that the boys at school would laugh at his patched and re-patched knickerbockers, and Kate recalled that when, rarely, she had a new rather than a made-over dress, her feelings about it could be summed up as, "It's nice, but is it Christian?" She claimed to have made her personal dedication to the Lord at eight years old; by the time she was twelve she was district visiting with her mother and she and her sister Emma had started kitchen meetings for the children whom they met in the park — Victoria Park, B9, not Hyde Park.

She began to preach when she was fourteen in order to support Bramwell who, as a sensitive, rather delicate boy of sixteen, found preaching so taxing that, to avoid it, he accepted sole charge of the Army's five soup-kitchens and restaurants. She first spoke at an open-air meeting for men outside the Legation public house in Hackney, on a Sunday morning. Catherine was doubtful, but finally concluded that God was calling her child "to a path from which my mother's heart shrank": her father realised early that, in Kate, he had a winner, and called her his Blücher, because she always made victory out of defeat.

By the time she was twenty-two she was an experienced and sensationally successful travelling evangelist. It was a period of conspicuous progress for the Army, which, partly through the Barnum and Bailey techniques employed by William Booth, who had now been given supreme power along with the title of General, was winning converts among the unchurched masses of industrial cities all over England. In March 1880, Commissioner George Ralston, a holy madman whose pre-*Armistice* included embarking on a one-man crusade to convert Morocco, called Kate to his aid. He was to help him "claim America for God" with seven "Hallelujah Ladies" to help him. When, a year later, the General was asked to send soldiers to France, he

sent his Blücher, with two girl lieutenants, not yet out of their teens, neither of whom spoke a word of French. Kate was reputedly good at it, but her early sermons owed as much to the dictionary as to the Bible. Her only other obvious qualification was that her rather idiosyncratic education had included studying the strategy and psychology of Napoleon, Garibaldi and Bismarck. Catherine embroidered the colours which the party took with them, and handed them over with the command: "Charge on the hosts of hell and see whether they will not turn and flee." To a friend she wrote "Satan says it will kill her, or that she will come back a helpless invalid for life".

In view of what lay before her daughter, that Satan was proved wrong might be put forward by some as evidence of the existence of a higher power. The house in the Rue Farnier, where the three girls rented rooms on the seventh floor and lived on potatoes and beans, was otherwise tenanted by prostitutes and rats. Their hall was a decayed and filthy factory in Belleville, which, even today, when it is largely populated by immigrants, keeps its reputation as a bastion of the militant, anti-clerical working class. In 1881, with the massacre which ended the Commune fresh in their memory, its people wanted no truck with any form of religion, which they associated with authority, and their violence increased when, because of their frequent invocation of the name of Jesus, Kate and her companions were taken for Jesuits who, with the other Orders, had been expelled from France during the previous year. To withstand this animosity called for heroic endurance, but what enabled her to do so was their personal succouring of and identification with the most wretched and abandoned. Also, Kate had a broad-mindedness which made her acceptable to both Catholic and Protestant. When a Protestant asked her why she did not stop a young woman who, when invited to pray, produced a rosary and started on an Ave, she replied "Because God isn't so narrow as you are". After six months she was reinforced by a Chief of Staff, Arthur Clibborn, an Irish Quaker, whose ardour matched her own and whose lack of any inhibiting worldly wisdom was total. Shoulders to shoulders, they and the Maréchal addressed meetings. Progress was painful — "Twelve souls converted in France seem like four thousand would seem in England" — but real.

It was Clibborn, a linguist with a fluent command of French and German, who, in 1883, first crossed the Jura as the herald of the Army's assault on Switzerland. The General had thought that, as a largely Protestant country, it would be a rich field for recruits to the staff as well as for converts: curiously he seems to have overlooked the fact that Calvinism, with its belief in predestination, had no room for grace or conversion. There was a brief false dawn while Clibborn, who opened his campaign in the building later to be occupied by the League of Nations, preached to the *blen pendants* of Geneva, but with the arrival of the Maréchal, hot for the souls of the city's criminal and derelict element, of which the respectable preferred to remain unaware, the furies were released. Kate was expelled from the canton though she had been given a residence permit for a year, the police made do attempt to control riots and vandalism of the Army's premises and a decree from the Department of Justice and Police suspended Salvation Army meetings. The Salvationists continued to meet clandestinely in private houses or hillside at dawn and the Maréchal went over the mountains to preach at Neuchâtel, where a thousand people attended her first meeting, and where, once more, official persecution soon began. Flooting a tin on the Army's meetings, she ended up in the prison of Neuchâtel, where she spent twelve days. "You can punish us," she said at the trial, which followed but which ended in the acquittal of the Salvationists, though they were exiled from Switzerland. "You can imprison us. You can persecute us. But what you

cannot do is to stop the word of God." Those who would be like her later to St Joan in *la bûche de la zébrée* later an old Swiss pastor looked back with emotion on "this trail of love". In a photograph in *La Maréchale* she is shown like a gallant boy soldier, taking a child on her back and putting a crown on his head. She could be a Saint-Cyrion on a story book.

She seems to have sensed that this period was to be her peak. "The past year has been the happiest of my life" she wrote at the end of 1881, which saw her marriage to Arthur Clibborn in a ceremony which had been deterred many a bridegroom, but Kate's marriage had been advertised in the *War Cry* for more than a month, and a vast concourse of guests paid two shillings to be present with half-a-crown for the wedding breakfast. Clibborn had been obliged to change his name by law to Booth-Clibborn, and was to obey Kate as his senior officer in the Army. Catherine Booth attended reluctantly and wept throughout the proceedings and Kate, in a lengthy address, said "Marriage is not a line". This one, nevertheless, seemed to be blessed. The pair returned to their work in France and Switzerland. By now there were some one hundred and fifty corps in the two countries, and two hundred and ten of the two hundred and fifty officers were local recruits.

The decline from the "early spirit of simplicity and fire" began with the death of Catherine Booth. William's influence the General passed fairly rapidly from authoritarianism to despotism and from self-confidence to near-megalomania. His refusal to grant any autonomy or possibility of exercising initiative, to his Terrestrial Commanders led two of his sons, Ballington in America and Herbert in Australia, as well as Kate and her husband, to leave the Army, though not the work of evangelization. Kate, disagreed with the Army's emphasis on spiritual to social work, which had begun in 1887, when the General suddenly learned that a London, where he was himself a member who slept under bridges, and ordered Bramwell, his Chief of Staff, to "do something". But what? Bramwell, no coddling. Emphasis on social work gathered impetus with the publication of *In Darkest England*, though the current pattern of the Army's spending suggests it is a last view which has prevailed.

There followed for her an unhappy period of trailing round with Arthur the train of a dubious "American evangelist" by whom her husband had become infatuated, then, after the family's return to England, she was to call her "dark, dark day". Arthur, crippled by a leg injury, was the Lord's agent. During these years, with their meals of beans and fish heads, washed down with Scotch Emulsion, she must have been reminded of her own sparrow children. The preaching by which she supported the family took her to Canada and the USA as well as all over Britain and Ireland. She was well into her thirties, at last, she came out of the shadows, and from then until she was ninety she was to work as an evangelist, returning to the scenes of her victories in Europe and branching out to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Her son, Theo, who was an impresario, went down with a company under the strain of it all; he thrived, exceedingly.

She lived to be ninety-five, an old woman who at last allowed herself the pleasure of wearing pink instead of eternal blue and attributed her longevity to rayons. "If you live to my age," she told visitors, "you will learn that nothing in this world matters but what you have done for Jesus".

ART

HARRY RAND:
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£22.50.
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Arshile Gorky: A Retrospective
Guggenheim Museum, New York
O. Louis Guggliemi
Whitney Museum, New York

Though Arshile Gorky is so self-defensively private an artist, for whom abstraction is the protective obscuring of personal meanings, his story is to have been shunted by critics between contrary -isms, to have been seen as a juncture between cubism and surrealism, or else as the inaugurator of the existential flourishes and psychic ejaculations of abstract expressionism. His strength, however, is his secrecy, and his temporary adhesion to the styles of others never put his own guarded identity at risk. He remarked non-committally that he had been "with Cézanne for a long time, and then naturally I was with Picasso", as if styles were as casual and as easily revoked as sexual liaisons. He could mimic others with impunity, because his own purposes were so different from theirs.

Gorky was an expert at camouflage, which he actually taught to military artists in 1942. His emotions, like his pictorial forms, were tactically shielded by covering plagiaristically behind the emotions of others, as in that infamous series of love letters to his second wife which he transcribed from the correspondence of Gaudier-Brzeska. His identity too was an allegorical and defensive fiction, self-invented after his migration from Armenia to the United States: "Gorky" means bitter in Russian, and puns on the proud reduction of Arshile (Achilles), while it also enabled him to claim a self-aggrandizing connection with Maxim Gorky. His pictorial forms in the same way rendered obscuringly inaccessible and unreadable. Yet they long to be read, since the process of decipherment is our solicited and therapeutic disentangling of the problems which have snarled and obscured them.

At the top of the Guggenheim's calling ramp, Gorky's work is introduced by way of Maltese, Kandinsky, Klee and Arp, artists who are not only mutually inaccessible and unreadable, but also representational form as the cubist does, or subjecting it, like the surrealist, to an over-heated entropic vastness. Gorky's work is introduced by way of Maltese, Kandinsky, Klee and Arp, artists who are not only mutually inaccessible and unreadable, but also representational form as the cubist does, or subjecting it, like the surrealist, to an over-heated entropic vastness. Gorky's work is introduced by way of Maltese, Kandinsky, Klee and Arp, artists who are not only mutually inaccessible and unreadable, but also representational form as the cubist does, or subjecting it, like the surrealist, to an over-heated entropic vastness.

This ingenious preliminary to the exhibition implies that for Gorky, too, abstraction is genetic, a rank and unimpeded growth from forms, not a distortion or (as in Dali) their molting decomposition. In contrast with Duchamp's coy bride, mechanically posing the platform of onanistic bacchery, Gorky's drawing is a subliminally sexy doodling, as in his "Diary of a Seance", named in homage to Kierkegaard's interpretation of Don Giovanni at the suggestion of Max Ernst — a story and polymorphous perversity, the impetuous, associative line everywhere delving into graphic doubles, suggesting, flouting phallic springs of plunging into labial orifices. Gorky's abstract works generally and his pictorially distancing individual existences to their origin in the undifferentiated

Antitheses of abstraction

By Peter Conrad

Antitheses of abstraction, which is marauding overgrown, a thicket of unweeded indistinctness (though his putatively American scenes are also remembrances of Armenia). Genius in Gorky's case was the recovery of a childhood from which he'd been expelled in 1919, and his landscapes are always gardens, as he put it, of wish-fulfillment, evocations of the Eden which is nature's matrix and which is located, for an Armenian, at Van: Diane Waldman's Guggenheim catalogue quotes a proverb asserting "Van in this world, paradise in the next".

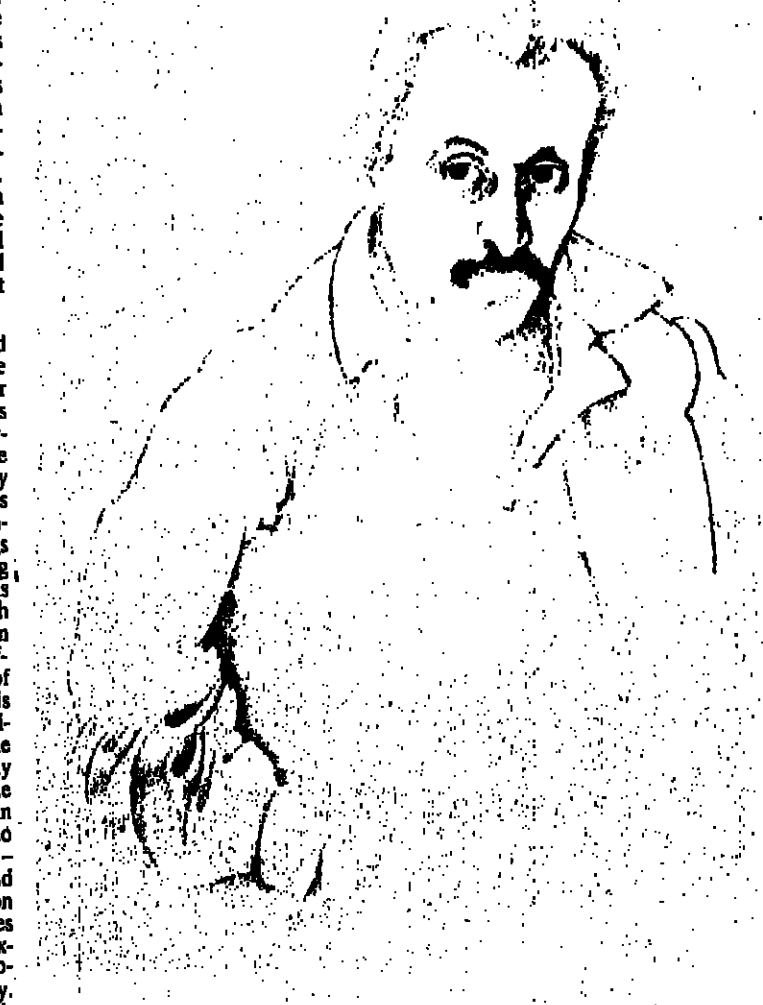
"Still Life" (1939) by Gorky is anything but still — the flowers seem to be pollinating the air — and when he paints an image of "Organization" it's not a vision like Léger's of society

the view of an aeroplane five miles up becomes but a geographical map, a two-dimensional surface plane; yet Gorky's formulaic charts revert to the teeming shapelessness of primitive life-forms. The white blob of America in one of the aerial panels looks as fluidly self-generating and self-modifying in outline as a protozoan.

Harry Rand's new study of Gorky's work, arguing that they didn't supply him with the "personal subject matter" he required. The commissions, Rand says, have "no organic place in Gorky's art". But to me it seems that they do organize technology, and that even decorations like those for Ben Marsden's Riviera nightclub on the New Jersey Palisades are personally and poetically significant. The Riviera had a retractable roof, as if

the whole building were, like the Starlight Room at the Waldorf-Astoria, ambitious to fly. The roof's removal lets in the element by which the structure wants to be buoyed up and into which it wants to soar. Like reassembling in design, it's an expression of the wishful aerodynamic optimism of the 1930s. Gorky's ambiguous daubs on the wall assist the building's fancied take-off. Rand calls the designs "aquatic" though they also look like clouds after all are water's levitation and another of nature's models for the formal mutation accomplished by Gorky's abstraction.

Gorky's abstract universalizing of form suits aviation because it internationalizes a mere locality. Julien Levy said that the immigrant Gorky's aim was "to become more than American — to become international". Abstraction is his escape from the particularities of a specific time, its representational look and its local dialect. Pictorial abstraction is thus conceived as the generative and universal grammar of form which underlies all language and is its common, equalizing matrix. Rothko, of course, in 1942 said "Omen of the Eagle" in 1942 and he had mislaid to define "the spirit of myth" which "is generic to all mythic of all times. Myth is the



"Self-Portrait" — a pencil drawing by Arshile Gorky, c.1936.

formalized by abstraction of human relations as Meccano. His forms are like seeds with propellers built onto them: their philoprogenitiveness is an aerodynamic urge. As a result Gorky found an unexpectedly congenial subject in the murals he designed in 1935-6 for the Newmark Airport. He treats machinery biomorphically. The subject of the murals is *Evolution of Forms under Aerodynamic Limitation* — scientific research as the life-history of an organism. This winged seeds of his landscapes are translated at Newark into auto-gyro. Gorky always sees objects in levitation, un tethered from habitual reality. The prototype for his aeroplanes, as he explained in his account of the murals, was the airplane borne on with seven feathers stuck to it which acted as the "steering" in which acted as the "steering" in his substitute for the calendar, and all his art is an attempt to contrive the miracle of the object's ascension, its release from the prosaic tug of gravity. Because Gorky's flying machines have evolved on the analogy of organisms, his dissection of their structure isn't the engineer's tinkering but the biologist's recourse to origins. Maps, for instance, are abstractions — not realities but diagrams — and one of the texts elucidating Gorky's murals pointed out that "the role of Manhattan" is from

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matrix of all stories, the genetic code which begets an indefinite offspring of divergent narratives; abstraction, analogously, is an esperanto, a world-language of forms. This relation between abstraction as biology and abstraction as language is particularly significant in Gorky's case.

His associate Stuart Davis interpreted New York linguistically, studying what he called its "visual dialect" — an idiom in which the vocabularies are shape and sign. In his series of *New York — Paris* paintings Davis jumbles together images from the two cities in a pictorial equivalent of *franglais* — El stations and sidewalk cafes, a sideways Chrysler Building and a shapely Parisian leg. Similarly, European abstractions in America exploit the unintelligibility of the English language or the Babel of conflicting tongues which they hear in New York because their art wants to reach those plastic, grammatical universals which are the common denominators of all the clashing visual dialects. Picabia, listening to New York in 1913, said "I hear every language in the world spoken, the staccato of the New Yorker, the soft cadences of the Latin people, the heavy rumble of the Teuton, and the ensemble remains in my soul as the ensemble of some great opera". The words in operatic ensembles are of course unintelligible, and meant to be: Picabia is eavesdropping on the abstract structure beneath the sounds and beneath appearances.

Words — in many cases signs — occur talismanically in the American paintings of the abstractionists who are Gorky's contemporaries, and the point of their presence there is that they're meant to be not read, not at least as dully meaningful English words, but to be translated into abstraction's esperanto. Jan Matulka's "Cityscape" (1924) includes a marquee banner saying "NEW YORK", though it's deliberately rendered unreadable by lopping off the first two letters. The drawing is actually subtitled *NEW YORK*. Albert Gleizes was fond of advertising signs painted across New York office windows, but his point of vantage was from the interior, which causes the words to be unintelligibly reversed, as in his "Kelly Springfield 1915". This device abstracts the sign: it ceases to signify, and can become a formal symbol. Even G.K. Chesterton unwittingly commended this abstract way of reading America when he remarked, of those street signs which deranged Gleizes, that Times Square would be a paradise if only you couldn't read. Abstraction ensures that it is unreadable.

Gorky was aware of the linguistic programme implicit in his work, and in 1945 declared that "art is a language which must be mastered before it can be conveyed". But mastering a plastic language obliges you to abandon any spoken language, which won't be comprehended beyond the confines of a single tribe. This theory of abstraction as a universal language makes the comments by Gorky's friends on his own fractured speech especially relevant. Stuart Davis sensed in his use of language a profound and stubborn idiosyncrasy, not just incompetence, and hints that it's a forewarning of his subversion of pictorial shape and appearance. His oddity, Davis said, was "no mere matter of foreign accent, although that was present, but an earthy, almost like, of sentence structure". Jacob Lawrence remarked on Gorky's "unique Anatolic English, which made little use of definite and indefinite articles". In both cases, Gorky's bad habits are astute abstractions of language. Confounding sentence structure, he is disrupting — as his painting does — our conventional placement of objects in relation to one another. Outlining, indeed, he is generalizing objects in framing (as in depicting), then, altering their status: the garden is not a particular garden but all gardens

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commentary**Figuring out modernism**

By Robert Hewison

Modigliani
Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

The Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris has been overshadowed recently by the activities of its bigger and bolder brother, the Musée National d'Art Moderne at the Pompidou Centre. In an attempt to strike back, its latest special exhibition has been conceived as a corrective to the Pompidou's grand axial surveys of modernism: the Paris-Moscow, Paris-Berlin variety. Some artists, it is discreetly suggested, do not benefit from such magisterial treatment nor from the Pompidou's bias towards abstraction. Accordingly, the City of Paris modernists have mounted a show to celebrate the short life of Amedeo Modigliani, whose career spans the first phase of Parisian modernism, but who has never before had a scholarly retrospective at a Paris museum.

Modigliani's life of drink and dope, spent mainly in Paris between 1906 and 1920, and his death from tuberculosis, have created a legend of bohemianism and suffering that has tended to interfere with the critical appreciation of his paintings. Quite simply, Modigliani was an artist who painted people; the interest of his art lies in his resolution of the relationship between the individuality of his subject matter, and the application of an overall sense of design that answered the contemporary call to abstraction. A Modigliani is instantly recognizable by its design, but each painting, whether of friend, child or nude, is completely individual.

The layout of the exhibition emphasizes the importance of the painter's idea of himself as a sculptor. When he first arrived in Paris after studies in his native Livorno and then Florence and Venice, Modigliani adopted a mode from Toulouse-Lautrec, summed up in the portrait 'L'Amazone' of 1909. This may have suited the self-destructive life style he also adopted, but these early works, among them a splendid portrait of Diego Rivera of 1914, are clearly

experimental. From 1911, however, Modigliani had been working in stone, and the sculptural studies, arranged within the exhibition space to form a free-standing passage, lead us to the mature works.

The half-dozen stone heads on display are striking for being for the most part failures. Under the influence of African carving and his studio neighbour Brancusi, Modigliani tried to produce totemic stylized faces that are flat and three dimensional at the same time. But only the head lent by the Tate Gallery, an anorexic Easter Island figure with a blade-like nose and chin, seems achieved. It may be that the tubercular Modigliani did not have the constitution to work long on stone. The preliminary drawings, however, point the way to the resolution of the conflict of line and volume which he could not achieve in sculpture, but which he was to resolve so successfully in his painting. In particular the designs for a crouching caryatid whose limbs fill the picture frame anticipate the nudes of 1917-18.

The nudes are indeed splendid, particularly the large reclining one of 1917, where the main lines of the design are outlined in black but the weight, volume and warmth of the limbs are conveyed by glowing flesh tones set off by a glossy dark background. The over-the-shoulder address of the model's eyes is strikingly personal. Modigliani's emphasis on design is brought out by the display of scientific studies which forms a visual appendix to the exhibition. Under X-ray and ultra-violet light, superficially convincing forgeries of Modigliani turn out to have no under-structure at all, while the working method displayed by true Modiglianis reveals the effort he put into casting his basic shapes. Besides the nudes and portraits of friends, the pictures of children make an appealing series in which the subject matter seems to have communicated its simplicity to the painter. In 1918 Modigliani's palette lightens and the formal patterns are carried less by line than by the luminosity of the colours.

But in January 1920 he died, and this particular path towards a figurative art exposed to abstract modernism was closed.

Good looks

By Frances Spalding

Recent Acquisitions
National Portrait Gallery

Among the new faces at the National Portrait Gallery is that of Lillian Bayliss painted by Cecil Leslie. The artist took his subject as he found her, arms akimbo, with persevering honesty he recorded her frizzed hair, spreading bust, horn-rimmed spectacles and paste jewellery. But what emerges from this catalogue of the ordinary is a sense of the extraordinary person that lies beneath. She simply fills the canvas, and despite the artist's refusal to flatter has a charisma that catches more than a hint of her managerial prowess.

This exhibition of recent acquisitions (on view until August 23) presents an absorbing mix of person and style: prime ministers, prison reformers and pop stars alike suffer the changing artistic fashions which reflect more on the artist than on the sitter. Perhaps this is why the self-portraits are some of the best in the show. Hooked up simultaneously paying homage to Picasso, makes his strikingly bold use of technical brilliance, in the Richard Hamilton, the brushed and distorted lines pay amusing homage to Francis Bacon. Few sitters would have allowed Gilbert Sponner to concentrate with such directness on the weight of flesh as he does in his powerfully ugly self-portrait. Nearby, presiding over a cabinet of his work,

What meets the eye

By Michael Mason

Mary Potter
Serpentine Gallery

Mary Potter is not interested in the fact that things have backs and sides. The freestanding, multifaceted ingredients of the world are not important compared with expanses of water, man-made decor, the sky, vapour, or the planes of the earth. Human figures rarely appear in her painting, and they vanish altogether from the later work. She has always, throughout a long, fine career, been firmly on one side of a great temperamental division in the history of art: with the impressionist tradition, and against the cubist one. For her, the subject of painting is what you see if you sit in one place, in front of a piece of the world brightly and thoroughly lit (there are some exceptions to this rule), and inspect it as a surface with coloured parts.

In painting, one consequence of this way of selecting outer appearances and dealing with them is that there is at once a degree of harmony between the subject and the medium: which is itself a flat surface with coloured areas. This harmony any painter in Mary Potter's general vein will achieve. Her great distinction has been to press the harmony further than most, and explore ways of making it more intimate. Some of her paintings actually bear titles that are ambiguous as between naming the depicted, or the depiction: 'Red Field', 'Arrangement', 'Frosted Shapes', 'Circle of Trees' (it sounds like a picture of Chancery Square, perhaps, but on the canvas is a circular arrangement of leaf, branch, and bole forms). She was fascinated by situations in which the outer world behaves like a two-dimensional artist, a painter: by reflections, by shadows, by light when it outlines leaves, and (as in 'Frosted Window') by nature applying something opaque to a surface.

Windows, a favourite motif for Mary Potter (and, typically, a commonplace in painting explored by her to new depths), are objects in the world that harmonize with something else about pictures. Pictures are not just flat and coloured; they have rectangular

Like Malin's 'Home', Bryn Morgan's portrait of Harold Macmillan is also coldly perceptive of deceptions, and disappearing events. This leading contemporary portraitist's 'Prince Charles' is on prominent display upstairs. His skill seems to rest on certain compositional tricks. He drops Harold Macmillan to the bottom of the canvas and then paints in a line to suggest a ledge, with the result that the statesman appears to be peering over a high balcony. From this unexpected viewpoint, Macmillan's memorable head, when looked at in detail, is reduced to surprisingly predictable terms.

The photographic portraits are consistently good. All invite reflection and repay close observation. Several are by 'leading' artists: George Moore, a portrait of Marie Laurencin and a nostalgic multiple self-portrait by Cecil Beaton. Most make telling use of circumstantial detail: Fay Godwin caught James Herriot in front of a flock of sheep; Sir Alfred Hitchcock sits menacing by a grandfather clock; Samuel Beckett inhabits a no-man's land of dustbins and brick walls. But the real coup of this selection is the group of four photographs taken by Felix H. Mann in the 1940s of the 'two Roberts'—Colquhoun and MacBryde—and three others: subtly observed, and strangely haunting. The last was taken by the painter, light cutting across the room, leaving the artist in shadow, intently studying

edges. Hence part of the interest of windows for Mary Potter, and of one pictorially less familiar and dignified thing: as she discovers in 'The Set', 'Toy Set', and 'Square Pool', is even more important fact about paintings, or oil paintings, is that the surfaces are not strictly flat. Her Potter exploits the whole range of texture that oil affords. In 'Frosted Window' the textures are in some way directly mimetic: the fabric of the curtains and pelmet is represented in thin paint which exposes the woven canvas itself; the painting hanging on the wall is made from scaled-down strokes of paint; the nearest objects (flowers in a vase) are stiff crust of petals in oil. But in 'The Mere' the trees on the bank, bunched continuously with their reflections, are among the most thinly painted elements: amounting to a hole in the plan surface. And 'Acanthus' is a kind of shallow cone, with the distant shape the horizon an almost bare spot of canvas surrounded by increasingly dense regions of paint.

This is a harmonization of the plan surface with its subject which only Mary Potter, a remarkable artist, has achieved. 'Acanthus' is also placed at a precise geometrical point (on the transverse of the picture's Golden Section), and such touches make more than remarkable. Orthogonal plans, often achieved by circular forms such as a lamp or the sun's orb, are the unobtrusive but strict basis of any pictures. The most unobtrusive seeming landscapes and interiors turn out to be ingenious little machines, when measured. Finally, there is a beautiful distribution of colour—now this way not reducible to formulae—now these carefully organised, repeated registers of the outer world. 'Je ne sais pas le sujet', 'maie le color', exclaimed one French tourist who visited the Serpentine.

Mary Potter has recently experimented with larger canvases, and these seem not to have suited her gifts for colour construction (some pictures of this period, perhaps tellingly, are reduced in size by a kind of frame, in paint, within the canvas, in 'Floating on Water' and 'Boat'). Her colour is too undiscriminatingly dispersed. Visitors to the exhibition will find that they cannot work out exactly their way across these bigger pieces, making new discoveries about the balance of subject and treatment, in the way the best of Mary Potter's painting permits.

The Mary Potter exhibition is at the Serpentine until June 28. A review of the show can be found in the February Gallery, King's Lynn (March 13), 13 to August 2; at the Victoria Gallery, Sheffield from August 8 to September 6; and at the Pallant House Gallery, Chichester, from September 12 to October 11.

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commentary**Offstage underground**

By Richard Combs

The Last Metro
Curzon Cinema

The Last Metro is a curiously oblique title for a film which, in the Truffaut manner, is quite brisk and direct about its subject, and unashamed about its emotional demands. It refers to the train which theatregoers in Paris during the Nazi Occupation had to catch before curfew. It therefore lends the story a documentary validity which, again quite typically, Truffaut never bothers to stress in any other way. His film takes place not just inside a theatre but in a Parisian neighbourhood which is plainly studio-built. There is even something suspiciously artificial about the brief 'actuality' shots, once or twice inserted, of citizens hurrying to make that last train. But the title also leads indirectly to the larger documentary reality behind the film—the role the theatre played as a precarious refuge for those oppressed Parisians—and hence to Truffaut's perennial subject, art as indispensable to life, in peace or in war.

In theory, *The Last Metro* is ideally placed to explore that subject, with its theatrically playing against an assumed reality, and a plot that is cleverly worked out in terms of both immediate suspense and political metaphor. Lucas Steiner, the Jewish director of the Théâtre Montparnasse, is widely supposed to have escaped from the Nazis, leaving the theatre in the hands of his actress wife Marion (Catherine Deneuve). She hires a young actor, Bernard (Gérard Depardieu), fresh from the Grand Guignol, and they begin rehearsals of a Norwegian play called *Disappearance*. The play is sufficiently non-controversial, in a Chekhovian/Bonshen sort of way, not to excite the attention of the Nazi censors. All the same, a collaborationist critic, Daxiat, has to be mollified in order to secure a licence for it. And, smelling the influence of the 'disappeared' Steiner, eventually passes the production. Bernard has meanwhile conceived a passion for Marion, largely unstated and sublimated in the amorous agonies of their on-stage characters.

But the secret of this tiny, enclosed universe—not long withheld from the audience, but known only to Marion for some time within the film—is that Lucas is living in makeshift quarters in the basement. Not only that, but when he discovers that he can listen in on rehearsals through an air vent, he takes over direction again through the intermediary of his wife. The theatre as a nest of intrigue on many levels (there is

also a black marketeer who supplies Marion with ham and later rips off the whole company, and some fuss about the sexual proclivities of two of the staff) thus stands in for the wartime France that we don't see. Marion's furtive comings and goings to spend time with her increasingly stir-crazy husband have, at least to begin with, all the suspense of a Resistance thriller. The historical setting, the theatrical milieu and the movie-ish plot allow Truffaut to go even further in his usual amused doodling about art being the business of life, and vice versa.

Unfortunately for the film, it begins hedging this metaphorical situation in a way that is both sentimental and literal-minded. Marion and Lucas may be acting out their own Resistance melodrama, but Bernard is actually supposed to be in the Resistance, and commits a little sabotage on the side while rehearsing. This concession to the stereotype of wartime heroics is compounded by the scene in which Bernard—disregarding the danger to his cause—publicly assaults Daxiat after his vicious review of *Disappearance*. Daxiat himself, the nearest thing in the film to a villain, since the Germans are hardly in evidence, is last seen stumbling over some emblematic but nevertheless corny rubble as the war turns in the Allies' favour. More interesting—presumably also for Truffaut, the student of human communication and lyricist of the written word—are the scenes of Daxiat as broadcaster and journalist, disseminating his masters' anti-semitic gospel. A submerged irony is that, in his paranoia about 'Jewish nihilism', Daxiat is quite right about *Disappearance*: it has been directed in all but name by Lucas Steiner. Daxiat winds up a despicable human being but an astute critic—perhaps Truffaut means that they're necessarily connected.

But one's final sense of *The Last Metro* is that it is distinctly the 'popular' version of Truffaut. It has been not only his biggest commercial success in France, but the biggest of any New Wave director. It conjures a mood of communal good feeling and pulling through that rather uncritically revives the old clichés about France during the Occupation. More significantly, it is an optimism that doesn't allow him to go too far in defining finer shades of feeling. Bernard's obsession with Marion—a familiar situation for Truffaut—has to be mostly taken on trust. Even the play-within-the-play device seems to be a missed opportunity for refracting this relationship. *The Last Metro* is also full of in-jokes, relating not just to Truffaut but to Depardieu and Deneuve, on which the film quite glibly skates along. This is a common and valid enough recourse, but here self-reference is on the point of becoming self-anthology.

Prescriptive choice

By Patricia Craig

The Doctor's Dilemma
Greenwich Theatre

'Doctors are just like other Englishmen', Shaw wrote in his preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma*, 'most of them have no honour and no conscience: what they commonly mistake for these is sentimentality and an intense dread of doing anything that everybody else does not do, or omitting to do anything that everybody else does.' In one of the boldest statements of an expression of special animosity towards the medical profession, Shaw added later: 'Doctors, if no better than other men, are certainly no worse.' Public gullibility, more than medical sharp practice, was his target when he held up to ridicule

doctors' follies and fashions in treatment.

This is, of course, only a small part of *The Doctor's Dilemma*. At the centre of the drama is the simple ethical problem confronting Sir Colenso Ridgeon, discoverer of the opsonin cure for consumption—whether to save the life of a gifted rogue at the expense of a worthy colleague. And Shaw used his dramatic framework to display his genius for the pointed social structure and the aphorism.

In the Greenwich Theatre production, William Lucas makes a restrained Ridgeon; James Cossins is wonderfully expensive and fruity as Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington; and Maria Alton, as Jennifer Dubodet, gives a convincing portrayal of a particularly obnoxious type of woman—'humorous, ardent and self-deluded. In the interest of verisimilitude, though, Dubodet's pointings—since his 'genius' is the issue on which the moral conflict turns—should not have been shown.

New Oxford books: History**Peaceful Conquest**

The Industrialization of Europe 1760-1970
Sidney Pollard

This study of the Industrialization of Europe takes regions rather than countries as the operative geographical divisions of a single process. The author sees the first stage, up to c.1880, as the spread of British technology, after which states began to play an ever-larger role. Since 1945, the attempt has been made to recreate economic unity in the West of Europe as well as in the East, with great success £17.50 paper covers £7.95

Revolution and Red Tape

The French Ministerial Bureaucracy 1770-1850
Clive H. Church

This book seeks to show the reality of French administrative growth by examining the history of the ministries during the crucial revolutionary era at the turn of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These are investigated both from the inside, stressing the contribution of the lower personnel, and from the outside, setting the ministries in the political and social arena of their times. £22

The Cheka: Lenin's Political Police

George Leggett

This deeply researched and closely documented study examines the first Soviet political police organization, colloquially called the Cheka, which was founded by Lenin just six weeks after this October coup d'état and ruthlessly suppressed all internal opposition to the precarious Communist regime. £22.50 25 June

Argentine Dictator

Juan Manuel de Rosas 1829-1853
John Lynch

The figure of Juan Manuel de Rosas dominates the history of Argentina in the first half of the nineteenth century. This book, the first full study of Rosas to be produced outside Argentina, studies the forces which made and sustained him, and examines through him the roots of the caudillo tradition in Argentina. It provides a detailed study of the use of terror as an instrument of policy. £22.50 25 June

Muir of Huntershill

Christina Bewley

Thomas Muir was a young Scottish lawyer who, fired with enthusiasm by the French Revolution, became a leader in the campaign for constitutional reform in Scotland. The story of his life makes continually surprising and interesting reading; Mrs Bewley has undertaken a great deal of original research to tell it. Illustrated £8.50

Oxford University Press

Across the trapeze

By Harold Hobson

Barnum
London Palladium

There are several moments of real magic in *Barnum*, but they are not those which the reports from New York had led us to expect. It is true that Michael Crawford does walk the tight-rope, but he does not actually live on it, as enthusiastic visitors to New York have almost made us believe that Jim Dale does on Broadway. In fact in a show lasting a couple of hours he is on it for about only two minutes. But in the concluding moments of the entertainment he brings off a feat which one is told is not even attempted in New York.

The stage is ablaze with red-nosed clowns, acrobats, one-man bands, chorus girls, jugglers, tumbling bodies, and drum-majorettes spinning their glittering sticks. It is phantasmagoric; it is a vision of Luna Park; and it blinds one with explosions of colours so violent and aggressive that Duff himself (even if he had wanted to) could hardly have rivalled them. When, to gain relief from the brilliance of the stage attack, one raises one's eyes to the distant roof of the huge theatre, to one's amazement one sees a man standing on a small platform in the very highest nook, with nothing but a terrifying abyss of space between him and the heads of the audience a vast, dizzying distance below him. This lonely, pinnacled, surely endangered figure is Michael Crawford. Almost before you have had time to do more than catch your breath in alarm for his

safety he glides down a rope from the Palladium rafters to the tumult of the stage, darting before our eyes with the grace, the ease and the smoothness of a swallow. It is breath-taking, and in its elegant curve of movement very beautiful.

That Crawford can move exceedingly fast, and in strange directions, one has known ever since the wonderful and revelatory first night of *No Sex Please—We're British*. But he can also stand still, significantly still, and as every actor knows this is a very difficult thing. In *Barnum* at one point Crawford does it to enormous effect. Jenny Lind (Sarah Payne) is singing, and singing very well, for an audition, and Crawford stands in a stage box, one hand poised lightly on the box edge. During the whole song that hand never moves, not even quivers. With a smile of quiet enjoyment on his face, he stands absolutely still. His lips are slightly parted, and they never move either. And yet his figure does not look like a statue; it is vibrant with life, with joy, with discovery. This is a moment which is instructive to all aspiring young actors, and spellbinding to an audience.

The book, by Mark Bramble, tells the story of Barnum's showman and political life with the speed of a Concord suddenly seized with literary ambitions. It is based on a foundation of unusual seriousness for a musical, namely the idea that a man and a woman, of equally strong characters, can live together not only in happiness but in perfect love. Mr and Mrs Barnum were exact opposites of each other. She loved quiet, and the rent paid regularly at the end of the month.

Her ideal was the small white porch, the tiny piazza and the trim, small garden. But in Barnum himself raged a fiery desire for recognition and applause.

The contrast between them is expressed very touchingly in a song called "The Colours of My Life". Composed by Cy Coleman to a lyric by Michael Stewart, "The Colours of My Life" must be one of the best songs ever written for a musical. It is highly emotional; its music is as haunting as that which drove Graham Greene's *Pinkie* out into the Brighton rain and cold because it accused all the viciousness in his evil nature; the rhymes are neat and pleasing; and the colours which Mr and Mrs Barnum loved—the quiet ones, he those that flame and burn—are a perfect metaphor for the difference between their natures. But although they sing of opposites they do not sing of opposition.

This lyric is, of course, nostalgic. It has the magic which Melville Gideon used to shed around him as he murmured his sentimental songs in the moonlight to his lazy, gentle piano. It has the poignancy of all lost and irrevocable things, from Dante's rare glimpses of Beatrice to that last drive of the first Mrs Hardy a week before her unexpected death, which Hardy fruitlessly strove to recall. Its great end, in the atmosphere of the time, brave attempt to show a kind of love which our stage has now as completely forgotten as it has forgotten how to understand Galsworthy's grief when, in *The Skin Game*, he found that gentility couldn't stand fire, should not go without praise; neither should the tact and the shy, deep gaiety with which Crawford and Deborah Grant sing it.

Yet the point was well made that Mandelstam's fermenting mind today, and that his trust translators are those who continue his work. Such a genuine heir of Mandelstam's spirit is Joseph Brodsky, who dominated the ensuing debate on the translation of the poetry. He was joined in discussion by David McDuff, Bernard Maers, and—virtually the first in this field—Peter Russell. Some quarters of a century ago Russell went to a tea-party with some shipping magnates. A foreign lady spied that he was a literary man, and asked about his current reading, which turned out to be Ovid's *Tristia*. "Ah, *Tristia*," she inquired, and then recited the whole of Mandelstam's poem by that name which forms the centrepiece of his 1922 collection. Russell knew not a word of Russian. He gave the next three days and nights to the study of the language, and on the fourth day he translated the poem.

Brodsky's performance was masterly. He at once picked out from the three poems under scrutiny the one that is the matrix of the "wolf" cycle, written in 1931 ("On to my shoulders hurls itself the wolfhound age"). What followed was magnificent as Brodsky felt the poem with "seeing fingers" and through it related two languages, two systems of prosody, and two cultures. Half way through, some of the audience became restive, and as chairman I weakly allowed an experience not unlike overhearing Coleridge to be exchanged for what amounted to a talk-in. Some interesting things were said; but many of the audience felt cheated. To hear the first among living Russian poets, discourse so subtly about his great predecessor, ought not to have been sacrificed, even though participation is the cry of the hour.

The afternoon began with a film by Frank Diamond *The Years Surround Me With Fire*. The first part, on Mandelstam's life, was undisturbed—mostly the familiar film sequence of Russia before and after the Revolution, but then came the unique record (rather poorly shot, under difficult conditions) of a Soviet interview with Nadezhda Mandelstam. She was 73 at the time; it

Surrounded with fire

By Henry Gifford

The last day of the Cambridge Poetry Festival was devoted to a conference on Osip Mandelstam (who would have been ninety in January of this year).

An anthology of tributes in verse by other poets, with translations where necessary (available from Los Poetry Press, 51a Argyle St, Cambridge at £2.50) had been specially prepared for the event by Richard Burns and George Gömöri. Among the poets were Anna Akhmatova, Marina Tsvetaeva, Paul Celan, Tomas Venclova, Seamus Heaney and Geoffrey Hill, and the translators included Max Hayward, Michael Hamburger, D.M. Thomas and Elaine Feinstein.

Clarence Brown opened the proceedings with a genial and entertaining lecture on Mandelstam's last publication, the prose work *Journey to Armenia*, which appeared in 1933. This he rightly claimed to be "as beautiful as poetry". He showed deftly what these reflections on French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painting—"the morality of vision"—and on the doctrine of Lamarck as a defence of "freedom, individuality and self-determination" could mean to "an audience listening with subversive ears". At one point he quoted Diaghilev's demand to Cocteau, "Eloigne-moi", and later acted on it by extravagantly praising Bruce Chatwin's *In Patagonia*. Chatwin avowedly had been much impressed by *Journey*, but it was not easy to accept that he had gone to Patagonia with more of the eyes and intellect of Mandelstam. The evidence was not convincing. A conceit like "lading the borschik into the ivory orb of his head" is wholly frigid—the mark of a Cleveland or off-colour Cowley, rather than Donne.

Yet the point was well made that Mandelstam's fermenting mind today, and that his trust translators are those who continue his work. Such a genuine heir of Mandelstam's spirit is Joseph Brodsky, who dominated the ensuing debate on the translation of the poetry. He was joined in discussion by David McDuff, Bernard Maers, and—virtually the first in this field—Peter Russell. Some quarters of a century ago Russell went to a tea-party with some shipping magnates. A foreign lady spied that he was a literary man, and asked about his current reading, which turned out to be Ovid's *Tristia*. "Ah, *Tristia*," she inquired, and then recited the whole of Mandelstam's poem by that name which forms the centrepiece of his 1922 collection. Russell knew not a word of Russian. He gave the next three days and nights to the study of the language, and on the fourth day he translated the poem.

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took place on May 1—the anniversary of Osip's final arrest and also of their first meeting. She hoped it would shock the world to hear from an old lady that their marriage had been deeply passionate—"the nights were good, the days were difficult", because both had insupportable characters; he was "strong-willed", she "light-headed". When asked for her happiest memory of Mandelstam she said all were happy. This moving testimony merged with snapshots of Andrey Zhdanov talking of Mandelstam's significance as a guardian of culture for those living amid horror and destruction.

There followed *The Buzz of Earth*, a programme of readings devised by James Greene from *Hope Against Hope* and *Hope Abandoned*, with his own sensitive renderings of the poems. It is always a high risk to call upon actors to read poetry. For Mandelstam, the activity was analogous to conducting music. But the music should not be Wagner's. Barbara Leigh Hunt and Richard Paus, under the direction of Ian Coterrell, kept reasonably clear of declamation, and passion certainly did not sleep.

A final discussion on Mandelstam's life and works led by Sidney Monas and Donald Rayfield made some admirable further points. Monas, who spoke with an impressively quiet insistence, reminded his hearers that Mandelstam is "the most sought-after poet of the twentieth century", and showed how his belief in hierarchy consorted with loyalty to the "fourth estate". Rayfield offered some challenging ideas about Mandelstam's interest in science—there are "black holes" in the firmament of his *Verses on the Unknown Soldier*—and about the effects of his sojourn in the Caucasus upon the texture of his poetry. That Mandelstam was driven to seek out these resources could, he argued, be seen as an unintended benefit of Stalinist oppression. The scientist still had some freedom, and the Caucasus replaced Western Europe as an imaginative venue.

The last event was a reading from the poems by Bernard Maers and David McDuff in English, and by Brodsky in Russian. To hear Brodsky read Russian poetry is as memorable as to hear him discuss it. He goes full tilt at a poem, in a rapid chant that abolishes all gaps between stanzas. He rarely glanced down at the text, knowing the poetry by heart. The recital ended with the work that forms the heart of the Third (and last) Voronezh Notebook: *The Verses on the Unknown Soldier*. Nadezhda Mandelstam had singled it out in the film as one of the two poems she most cherished.

By this time many of the audience must have felt that Mandelstam would be the supreme poet of this age into which, after almost fifty years, we are still locked. One would like to believe that Tuesday June 9, 1981 was significant day for English poetry.

The Writers' Guild of Great Britain and the Society of Authors have just announced that they have agreed upon an ambitious draft John Mander Terms Agreement which they want publishers to adhere to in negotiations with individual authors. It has been produced in an effort to standardize terms and protect authors, and is the result of a recent survey of publishers which found considerable variations in the contract offered. It is hoped that current discussions with the draft with the Publishers' Association will result in a final agreement which will protect the rights of authors in many areas including delivery, acceptance of typescript, rejection by publisher, commissioning material, copyright fees, responsibility for editing, authors' right to approve a final typescript, marketing and advances on royalties and other matters accompanying in for many publishers' standard contracts but felt to be in need of regulation.

Not least, I am hoping that the Guild and the Society will be able to help a new popular market for religious drama. I have been very busy in part with my

'Monty'

Sir, — Michael Carver's very comprehensive review of my *Monty: The Making of a General 1887-1942* (June 12) began with a series of strange errors which I'd like to correct before they gain any currency.

First, the agreement made between Monty and my father in 1962 took place five years before the Thomson Organisation's acquisition of *The Times*. Field Marshal Carver's mention of *The Times* is therefore a non sequitur.

Second, Monty did not make over his Private Papers in return for an annuity—something he was already receiving in return for exclusive writing for *The Sunday Times*.

Third, my father never served in 8th Army.

Why did Field Marshal Carver bring in all this misinformation at the beginning of an otherwise first-rate review of my book? To help prove a bizarre theory of conspiracy from Valhalla? I met Lord Carver several times, and he very kindly read the MS of my *Alamein* narrative. He is a forthright man and he certainly accused me of egotism (though quite rightly since I consider Brooke, Slim and Monty to be the three British military "saints" of the last war), but he never mentioned his conspiracy theory. It's a new one on me! as Monty would have said.

No, may I reassure Lord Carver and readers of the *TLS* that there was no "master plan" behind Monty's secret side of his Papers. The point was simply that Monty had already written his "Memoirs" in 1958; having used his papers for that book he saw no sense in keeping them, so like Field Marshal Alexander he asked my father to take them on, in order to raise capital, and in the sure knowledge that my father, as Director of a large organization, a distinguished Editor of *The Sunday Times*, and a decorated soldier, would see that they were not misused. Is this so difficult to understand?

NIGEL HAMILTON.

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Bishop Bell and Religious Drama

Sir, — Having read E. Martin Browne and Jonnie Brown's *Two in One* a few weeks before seeing *Two in One* in the *TLS* (May 22), I was particularly interested in C.H. Sisson's comments. To much of his article my bosom returned an echo, but I feel he has been harsh on George Bell when he writes: "The most widely diffused conception of religion was that it was a matter of individual conscience. It is doubtful whether George Bell reflected profoundly on these matters, or even on the fact that when the mystery plays were performed they were the most appealing form of entertainment with which the Church could attract the people."

It had been precisely to challenge the prevailing attitude of personal piety in religion that Fr A. G. Hebert, SSM, had written *Liturgy and Society* which Eliot saw fit to publish in its inception. To much of his article my bosom returned an echo, but I feel he has been harsh on George Bell when he writes: "The most widely diffused conception of religion was that it was a matter of individual conscience. It is doubtful whether George Bell reflected profoundly on these matters, or even on the fact that when the mystery plays were performed they were the most appealing form of entertainment with which the Church could attract the people."

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theology of Creation whereby an artist may make an offering of his skills to God as a legitimate aspect of worship. (The idea is found also in the later choruses from *The Rock*). Also, the reverent acting of religious themes was to help deepen and illuminate people's faith, and to appeal to younger persons who had become disillusioned with the church's traditional services and ways of speaking.

Certainly, as C.H. Sisson analyses, it was unlikely that a revival of religious drama in the 1930s could take so deep a root as the mystery plays had done, for in the 1930s there was "the lack of any widely and profoundly shared view of what the Christian religion was about". Certainly, too, Eliot realized the difficulty but he hoped for a time when dramatist and audience could again hold common Christian assumptions: we may perhaps come to a time, in which a play as fundamentally Christian and Catholic as *Polyester* may be written and may be performed successfully to audiences which will not be consciously attending a 'religious play', because they will be imbued with the Christian and Catholic way of feeling, even when they ask only to be entertained. ("Religious Drama and the Church", 1934).

Eliot was not alone in the 1930s in wishing to challenge nominally Christian Britain out of its complacency and to match the commitments of Nazism and Communism with the commitment of Christianity. His broadcasts and lectures on social issues, and even *The Rock*, call on Christians to examine their own assumptions. The Munich agreement provoked *The Idea of a Christian Society* and Eliot with a sense of each individual's involvement in a corporate sin within society.

Murder in the Cathedral is not adequately described in C.H. Sisson's phrase as one of Eliot's "re-basches of sainthood and martyrdom". The play is as much about the Women of Canterbury as it is about the Martyr. It is an exploration in terms of poetic drama of the pattern of the redemption of society awakened to its communal involvement in sin and the cleansing of this sin by the sacrifice of a figurehead. In this way it is a drama related to the pattern of Liturgy and the Mass. If we want to inquire what Eliot meant by the liturgical end of the line at which one form of drama may occur, then it is, I suggest, here that we should set to work.

G. E. EVANS.

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Ernest Bramah

Sir, — Bernard Levin writes Patricia Highsmith in your issue of June 5, "confessed in *The Times* not so long ago that he had not discovered the Kai Lung stories of Ernest Bramah . . .". Since the entire point of the article she refers to was to proclaim that I had discovered the stories in my childhood and have been reading them ever since, this seems an odd way of putting it, and it wouldn't be much less so if "not discovered" was a misprint for "now discovered".

BERNARD LEVIN.

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'The Officina Bodoni'

Sir, — In his generous review of Giovanni Mardersteig's *The Officina Bodoni* (June 5), David McKittrick gives me undue credit in stating that the bibliography, which forms the core of the book, was compiled by me. Not so: a complete draft in German was still done by Mardersteig. This becomes clear, it seems to me, from the preface to this section, which appears over his initials. For the record this should be clarified.

HANS SCHMOLLER.

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Tabloid English and American

Sir, — In his discussion of Tabloid English (May 22) Oxford University's general linguistics professor Roy Harris mentions the "attributive queue", which in America I have heard called the "heroic epithet". But I don't think he gets the diagnosis quite right. For one thing, this form was not originally tabloid; it seems to have been invented by that copious source of Trendy English (another TE) *Time Magazine*; but its recent, rapid penetration of this country is a further sign of our sense of cultural inferiority in face of the linguistic effluvia of America.

The "heroic epithet" eclipses the distinction between types of attribution. The disfiguring mark, not mentioned by Professor Harris, is the elimination of the definite article, a part of speech not generally favoured by Americans. But conventional usage makes these distinctions quite comfortably by retaining the definite article. "North Oxford CC's wicket-keeper batsman, Professor Roy Harris" or if you prefer, "the linguistic expert, Professor Roy Harris" are expressions which tell us that he is one thing by calling or interest, another thing by specific appointment. Similarly with "the solemn pedant, Professor J.R. Pole". The distinction is a fine one, and cases could be cited in which it can hardly be discerned. But it is worth trying to retain. And one can tell that the heroic epithet is a literary invention, and a bad one, because no one really talks like that. The people at the BBC who are so good at keeping us entertained during breakfast, and who seem to have been instructed to adopt this tasteless device, are audibly uncomfortable with it. The due to this is the slight pause that often occurs in their speech where the missing definite article belongs.

I suspect that the aim of this style is a general blurring of fine but significant distinctions in modern society and that the ease with which it has come in is a symptom of a subtle weakening of will.

Mr Windham dates Truman Capote's letter to us as August 1978. However, the only letter I received from Mr Capote was dated March 29, 1979, a message on a lined scrap of paper from the Palace Hotel, Madrid, denying he had said anything to Dorson Rader about Windham's book. Capote may have good reason for not wanting to be involved, otherwise I can't see why he should bother to

It is significant that *The New Yorker*, whose editors care about style, has never yielded to this new vulgarity. Why should we?

J.R. POLE.

St Catherine's College, Oxford OX1 3UJ.

The 'London Magazine'

Sir, — Mr Donald Windham, having received a lengthy apology in *Open Court* as well as in the *London Magazine*, had his costs paid and been provided with eight pages in which to justify his action against us, now offers in your columns a gratuitous homily to the signatories of our Appeal Fund (April 10).

Mr Windham's main inference is that only as a last resort did he "make use of the legal means available to him for redress against unretreated libel", and that it was our failure to publish numerous letters of protest that drove him into taking action. The facts are that Dorson Rader's article was published in July 1978 and that we heard nothing at all from Mr Windham after that until March 15, 1979, when a writ was issued against us. The letters we received in support of Mr Windham, none of them argued in any sort of detail, all arrived either after a legal action had been started or so close to the time that it started that we could not possibly have published them. It is, therefore, incorrect for Mr Windham to imply that it was our reluctance to publish that led to his recourse to law.

Mr Windham dates Truman Capote's letter to us as August 1978. However, the only letter I received from Mr Capote was dated March 29, 1979, a message on a lined scrap of paper from the Palace Hotel, Madrid, denying he had said anything to Dorson Rader about Windham's book. Capote may have good reason for not wanting to be involved, otherwise I can't see why he should bother to

contradict so harmless a quoted remark as "Tennessee is going to be *furinus*". That Tennessee was furious is a fact: see the *New York Times*, January 15, 1978. Whether he was justified in being so and remaining so two years later, as a letter to me testifies, is a matter between him and Mr Windham. For suggesting incorrectly that Tennessee Williams had not given authority to Mr Windham to publish their private correspondence we properly apologized. That was purely what the case was about. The costs, however, were not mostly due, as Mr Windham alleges, to our reluctance to apologize, but to his unreasonably verbose requirements, necessitating protracted negotiations.

What remains puzzling, though, is why Mr Windham, ultimately so disinclined in damages, should have taken legal action in the first place. Writers customarily handle these matters themselves in the pages of literary magazines. If all he wanted to do was to put the facts straight, a letter to the magazine at the time (July 1978) would have done the trick far more effectively than a writ issued nine months, and settled over two years, later.

ALAN ROSS.

London Magazine, 30 Thorloe Place, London SW7.

In John Keegan's review of David Wilkinson's *Deadly Quarrels* (June 5) the phrase "a twenty-four year cycle" (last sentence of the sixth paragraph) should have read "a twenty-four year cycle". In the penultimate paragraph of Zara Steiner's review of Catherine Ann Chene's *E. D. Morel* (also June 5) the fourth sentence should have read "The wings of the Foreign Office were clipped not by parliament, nor the people, but by the prime minister, the service departments and the Treasury", and in the same paragraph "The League" (fifth line from the bottom) should have been "The League of Nations Union". We apologize for these errors.

*Author, Author! is on page 702

Among this week's contributors

JOHN BAYLEY is Warton Professor of English at the University of Oxford. His *Shakespeare and Tragedy* will be reviewed shortly in the *TLS*.

RONALD BOTTALL's most recent collection of poems, *Reflections on the Nile*, was published in 1980.

C. N. L. BROOKE's books include *Studies in the Early British Church*, 1968, and *A History of York Minster*, 1977.

EDWARD BURNS is a lecturer in English at the University of Liverpool.

JOHN BUXTON's books include *Byron and Shelley: The History of a Friendship*, 1968, and *Note on the Garden at New College*, 1976.

HUMPHREY CARPENTER's biography of W.H. Auden will be reviewed shortly in the *TLS*.

MICHAEL CARRUTHERS is a Junior Research Fellow of Wolfson College, Oxford.

RONALD COMES is the editor of *Sight and Sound*.

VIOLET CONNOLLY's books include *Siberia Today and Tomorrow*, 1975.

PETER CONRAD's books include *Romantic Opera and Literary Form*, 1977, and *Imagining America*, 1980.

PATRICIA CRAIG's critical study, *The Lady Investigator: Women Detectives and Sales in Fiction*, a collaboration with Mary Cadogan, was published earlier this year.

NIGEL CROSS is writing a book on the conditions of nineteenth-century authorship.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM is the editor of *The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse*, published in 1980.

RAYMOND DAWSON's books include *Imperial China*, 1972.

F. W. DILLSTONE's books include *Christ and Spirit in the New Testament*, 1973, and *Religion and Art as Communication*, 1974.

TIM DOOLEY is the editor of the poetry review, *Green Lines*.

DENNIS DUNCANSON is Reader in South-East Asian Studies at the University of Kent.

HENRY GIFFORD's books include *Tolstoy: A Critical Anthology*, 1971, and *Pasternak*, 1977.

BASIL GREENHILL is Director of the National Maritime Museum.

MARK HAWORTH-BOTH is Assistant Keeper of Photographs at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

RENÉE HAYNES's books include *The Seagull Eye: the Seeing I*, 1976. She is working on a history of the Society for Psychical Research.

ROBERT HEWISON's *In Anger: Culture in the Cold War 1945-60* was published earlier this year.

HAROLD HOBSON is an Honorary Fellow of Oriol College, Oxford.

JOHN LUCAS is the editor of *The 1930s: a Challenge to Orthodoxy*, 1979. His *The Literature of Change* was published earlier this year.

ROBERT MCCAUGHEY is Professor of History at Barnard College, Columbia University.

ROBERT BERNARD MARTIN's *Tennyson: the Unquiet Heart* has recently been awarded the Duff Cooper Memorial Prize and the James Tait Black Memorial Prize.

MICHAEL MASON is a lecturer in English at University College London.

J. MORDECAI COHEN's *William Burges and the High Victorian Dream* will be published later this month.

LES A. MURRAY's collections of poems include *Against Economics*, 1972, and *Selected Poems: The Vernacular Republic*, 1976.

ALICE NOVE is Professor of Economics at the University of Glasgow. Her books include *Political Economy and Soviet Socialism*, 1979.

REDMOND O'HANLON has recently completed a study of Joseph Conrad and Charles Darwin.

S. S. PRAWRA's books include *Comparative Literary Studies: An Introduction*, 1973, and *Caligari's Children: The Film as Act of Terror*, 1980.

DAVID RIDGWAY is a lecturer in Archaeology at the University of Edinburgh. He is co-editor of *Italy Before the Romans*, 1979.

NESTA ROBERTS's books include *The Face of France*, 1976.

LEONARD SCHAFFER's recent books include *Turgenev: His Life, and Times*, 1979.

FRANCES SPALDING's biography of Roger Fry was published last year.

STUART SUTHERLAND is Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Sussex.

T. O. TREADWELL is a lecturer in English at the Southampton Institute of Higher Education.

W. L. WARREN's books include *King John*, 1961, and *Henry II*, 1973.

EUGENE WARRICK's most recent book is *Peasants into Frenchmen*, 1978.

HUGH WILLIAMS's collection of poems include *Love Life*, 1980.

A. N. WILSON is the Literary Editor of *The Spectator*.

M. E. YAP's most recent book is *Stratagems of British India: Iran and Afghanistan 1798 - 1850*, 1980.

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The Booze-Kitten's claws

By A. N. Wilson

PETER QUENNELL (Editor):

A Lonely Business
A Self-Portrait of James Pope-Hennessy
278pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£12.50.
0 297 77918 4

A Lonely Business comprises a random selection of the personal and literary remains of James Pope-Hennessy. It is not only a portrait of a man, but a selection of his life, operated in his choice of material.

In quality, the letters and diaries and memoirs vary from the excruciatingly trivial to the exquisitely funny. In subject-matter, the book divides itself into two parts: the first two hundred pages are the "self-portrait" of the sub-title; the final sixty pages or so are entitled "Royal Portraits". The latter part of the book makes much better reading than the earlier letters and diary entries. Consider this:

My darling Muriel and Paul, I cannot thank you enough for my new velvet suit! It is perfectly angelic of you, especially as (though I was pondering on getting another) I wasn't quite clear about whether I could afford it. The shop has stopped making blue or grey ones in my size; so I have bought a dark crimson one - "burgundy" I understand it is technically called. It is too beautiful for words. I'm almost overwhelmed by the socks - which will come in more than handy in an Edinburgh February. I fancy you are mutually the best friends in the world. But you know that? Much love from James.

A couple of years after writing this letter to Mr and Mrs Paul Wallraf, Pope-Hennessy met a hideous end in his flat in Ladbroke Grove. "Reading his diaries, essays and letters, I have sometimes almost begun to forget that he died seven years ago, such is the vitality and gaiety and imaginative insight that still enlivens everything he wrote" is the opinion of the editor of this and volume. Sad, for reasons which are surely demonstrated by the letter just quoted. James Pope-Hennessy obviously was "the best friend in the world" not only to Mr and Mrs Paul Wallraf and Mr Quennell, but to countless others, who were only too happy to rally round and make sure that he was comfortably supplied with dinner, invitations, and burgundy-coloured velvet suits. (One friend was even deputed to buy him a parrot, but when the bird arrived, he found it was too much trouble to look after, and it was given away.) The friends doubtless admired Pope-Hennessy's conversation, his elegant prose manner and his skills as a biographer; and he presumably looked more appealing than he in the photographs of him. But the sad truth is, that seven years have passed and the gaiety which enlivens everything he wrote, has started to curdle a little at the edges. His writings (*London Fabric*, *America is an Atmosphere*, *The Right of Youth*), admirable though they may be, are no longer read. He was never sufficiently famous for his private life to be a matter of public legend. One wonders about the propriety of publishing the letter about the velvet suit. As he emerges from such pieces of gaiety, he seems less attractive than he evidently was in life.

Quite irrationally, the reader starts to blame Pope-Hennessy for the minutiae of his preoccupations. With all creation groaning and travelling, should a man be overwhelmed by a pair of socks? It is unfair, of course, because he did not himself ask for the letter - a thing of the moment in 1972 - to appear in print in 1981. But such minutiae can be interesting in the lives of the truly great, and only add to the irritation which the volume will inevitably create. One begins to notice only his efforts, silly, tone of voice ("Write to dear little Ladbroke Grove - which is being repaired in lime-green and crimson for my return; or to hope. All my love, my dear boy" and his mandarin distaste for doing anything. (On being made Literary Editor of the *Spectator*, a job which any self-

respecting young loafer ought to covet, he said it was "entirely against my will, but simply because I have to live; and because this is the best and least horrible way of doing a job".)

This poignant notion, that he had to live, was not of course shared by all his intimates, one of whom decided to murder him. But for the most part, his friends did see it as their duty to mop up his life for him, fetching him from airports, buying him parrots, arranging for him to make money, to be invited out and to travel. Some of the laundish little jokes are almost good enough to reprint. "There is the most enchanting animal in this house, called a booze-kitten (not a booze-kitten, that's me)" - but for the most part it is sorry stuff. There is something depressing about the evident contrast between his charms in life and the ghastly impression given in the book of a series of unsuitable involvements combined with syphilitic dotings on women, provided they were sufficiently rich, beautiful or grand. It is all too familiar a tale, the sort of thing, as Churchill said of Tom Driberg, which gets sodomy a bad name.

But all is redeemed in the second half of *A Lonely Business*. James Pope-Hennessy wrote many brilliant books: his portrait of his grandfather's colonial life in *Verandah*, and his *Trolope*, whatever actually happens to them, certainly deserve to survive. But there is one book toweringly greater than anything else he wrote, and that is his life of Queen Mary. It is not so much that he had at last chosen a great subject, but that he had found a subject to which his pen was perfectly suited. He is much better when he isn't posing, and when the attention is focused on someone other than himself.

The final section of this book is devoted to the notes Pope-Hennessy made during the composition of that book. There are punctiliously malicious and amusing accounts of staying with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and of visiting Sandringham, Badminton, Geoffrey Fisher at Lambeth

Palace and Queen Mary's continental relations abroad. Here the self-pitying velvet-clad old "booze-kitten" gives place to a brilliantly fine chronicler and observer. At le Moulin des Tuilleries, he notices "every conceivable luxury and creature-comfort to produce a perfection of sybaritic living. It is, of course, intensely American, but I would think consciously aimed. The Queen Mother at Clarence House is leading a lodging-house existence compared to this". He notes, too, how there is a directory for the internal telephone system in the house "in which she is referred to as S. A. la Duchesse". She explains to him "with her least nice grin" that they did have a pug called Peter Townsend, "but we gave the Group Captain away".

Then there are the conversations with the Duke of Windsor: "Off the record, since you've seen everything, I'd better tell you how things were, but not for the book. My father had a most horrible temper. He was foully rude to my mother. Why, I've even seen her leave the table because he was so rude to her, and we children would all follow her out . . . This, at last, is the stuff. It would be wonderful to have more. He does not reveal, for instance, when they all left George V to saw his way through a furious and solitary dinner, whether they remembered to bow."

Pope-Hennessy interviewing the Archbishop of Canterbury is almost equally entertaining, particularly since, as a Roman Catholic of that stamp and vintage, he crosses the portals of Lambeth Palace as though he were entering the headquarters of some strange conglomeration, part charitable institution, part state home. He records Geoffrey Cantuar's words without always (one suspects) catching their tone. "We believe that confession is a sacrament and brings grace," says the Archbishop. "We too," replied the Archbishop, "think it has its sacramental aspect".

Prince and Princess Axel of Den-

mark provide even more fun (a sort of royal version of *Anglo-Saxon Antiques*) and their petulant annoying conversation is recorded (one can readily believe) with complete faithfulness. "And why are you biting me?" Mr. Hennessy? "Of course, Margarette, you shouldnt bite me. Have you seen The Queen, Mr. Hennessy?" I was getting fed up; so I annoyed answered, "Your Queen, ma'am, or ours?" "The Queen of England" Of course, Margarette. Libbet commanded his book!" And so on.

It is deeply to be regretted, of course, that Pope-Hennessy died so early (he was only fifty-eight) and in such a way. It is also to be regretted that at that time he was writing a life of Noel Coward and mixing with a crowd in whom posterity will take no interest, or of whom it already knows too much. He should have been a sort of Duc de Saint-Simon of Sandringham and Badminton. He was not a snail, and we do not in any case need satirists of our Royal Family: it is obvious enough what is funny about them. But it would be good to have more closely observed, waspish but affectionate detail. In 1939, he had revealed in a letter from Trinidad to Clarissa Churchill that he wanted to write a book which was "a show-up of the spiritual mullity of our imperialism", thus revealing a rather tediously predictable impatience with "bungalows and visiting cards, morning-bridge parties, fern, cocktail dances, electric fans, tin gardens and illiteracy". In *Queen Mary* he described a woman who believed in and loved all these things (except, perhaps, "cocktail dances"), but as he revealed, a truly great person. What would his pen not have done for the contemporary Royal Family? Frequently, in the earlier part of this volume, the Victorian judgment on Cleopatra ("How unlike the home life of our own dear Queen") comes to mind. It was because he was so unlike George V that Pope-Hennessy could view Sandringham with the detachment and sympathy that it deserved from his serious pen.

Other worlds, other smells

By Humphrey Carpenter

BERNARD SELLIN:

The Life and Works of David Lindsay
Translated by Kenneth Gunnell
257pp. Cambridge University Press.
£17.50.
0 521 22768 2

To those who have the slightest inclination to giggle at fantasy and science fiction, *A Voyage to Arcturus* must be an incomparable source of mirth:

I had never met him before, but I knew him by his peculiarities of person. He was of a bright gamboge colour and possessed a very long, proboscis-like nose, which appeared to be a useful organ, but did not add to his beauty.

Yet this often handsomely written novel, published in 1920, exercised a very strong influence over C. S. Lewis's *Out of the Silent Planet* and *Perelandra*. Lewis virtually stole its plot and then split it up into these two books - and it deserves, quite apart from this, to be taken entirely seriously. The story is grotesque, Macabre, the sort of hero, spends most of his time while visiting the constellation of Arcturus sprouting extra limbs on his body and murdering people with large rocks. But the author, David Lindsay, was trying to write not simply a fantasy in the Wells and Verne tradition but a metaphysical allegory, an examination of the nature of pleasure and pain. And he does not exactly fail. At its best, the book has a Blake-like power.

Lindsay's admirers don't hesitate to call him "the style is hopelessly amateurish", remarks Colin Wilson who published a study of him eleven years ago and introduces this new volume. Bernard Sellin's book, originally written in French as a Sorbonne doctoral thesis, is equally blunt:

accepting that as a writer Lindsay was far from first-rate. But Sellin judges Lindsay well worth a detailed examination, not least because there were seven novels in all, two of them unpublished in the author's lifetime.

Lindsay was an unwilling but successful insurance broker in the City, who read Schopenhauer in his spare time, and in 1916, at the age of forty, married a girl of eighteen, gave up his job, and bought a Cornish house with savings, intending to become a writer. *A Voyage to Arcturus* was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was submitted, Methuen, who also took on his next book, *The Plumed Woman*, in which Lindsay deserted interplanetary travel for the kind of supernatural thriller that was soon after to be written by Charles Williams. More novels followed, but sales were poor, and the rejection slips soon started. Meanwhile the Lindsays, who had two children, began to run short of cash. They moved to Sussex, and Mrs Lindsay, who seems to have died only moderate enthusiasm for her husband and his books, began to take in lodgers. After *Devil's Tor* (1932) no publisher would take Lindsay on, though Jonathan Cape and Victor Gollancz both admired him privately. He became increasingly isolated, took no care of his health, and in 1945 died from a neglected abscess in the jaw. There was something self-destructive about him - one feels that he could have written better if he had bothered to - just as several characters in his novels allow themselves to be destroyed before the end of the story.

Professor Sellin has had to tackle, in Lindsay, a man almost as intractable as his books. He does so with a naïveté which is occasionally charming. "It is certainly difficult to speculate upon the personality of someone one moment known", he remarks at one moment of biographical enquiry. "His examination of the books identifies, among other things, Lindsay's obsession with small - Crystalline, the devil-god of Arcturus, is identified chiefly by a sweet sickly odour, and a character in another book remarks: 'You can't kill a man by a sight or a sound, but I wouldn't like to say you couldn't kill with some smells, and not always disagreeable ones at that.' But Sellin, like Lindsay, is also, repetitive and incoherent, and does little to win one's appetite for Lindsay's lesser-known writings, while his price will put it beyond the pockets of all but committed Lindsayites, who cannot be very many more than they were in 1920. However, *Arcturus* will undoubtedly live on, and one wishes that Professor Sellin had been able to explain exactly why this is so.

Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow, and to send us the answers, so that they reach his office not later than Friday, July 10. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct - in which case, the invited guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Burries should be addressed to: The Editor, The Times Literary Supplement, P.O. Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1X 8EZ, and marked "Author, Author" on the envelope. The solution and result will appear in our issue of July 17.

Competition No 56

1. Give Dayrolles a chair.
2. This hath not-offended the king.
3. God bless you, my dear.

Arriving at acceptance

By John Lucas

RANDALL JARRELL:
Kipling Auden & Co.
Essays and Reviews 1935-64
381pp. Carcanet New Press. £9.95.
0 85635 34 9

Robert Lowell famously remarked that "Eulogy was the glory" of Randall Jarrell's criticism and it is so. Yet he is equally remarkable for his way with absolutely telling quotation and with the remarks that precede or follow it. This means that his critical judgments feel unerring and final. And this is the more remarkable when you realize that most of his criticism is concerned with contemporary writing. You have only to think of the standard names of English literary criticism of this century - of, shall we say, F.R. Leavis, Kenneth Burke, T.S. Eliot, I.A. Richards, R.P. Blackmur, Yvor Winters, William Empson - to realize the comparatively small amount of time they gave to writing about their contemporaries. As a reviewer and literary journalist, Jarrell was constantly called upon to write about first books by unknown writers and new books by the famous. The wonder is how right he nearly always proved to be. It is almost impossible to catch him out. To be sure, there are individual statements with which we might want to quarrel, but they count for very little compared with the marvellous, swift and untroubled certainty of his critical judgments.

Jarrell was not bothered by reputations. When he reviewed E.E. Cummings's *Poems 1924-1954*, he said, among other things, "What I like least about Cummings's poems is their pride in Cummings and their contempt for most other people; the difference between the I and you of the poems, and other people, is the poems' favourite subject." We might all think that nowadays, but who else would have thought or dared to say it in 1954? And who else, a year later, would have said of Stephen Spender's *Collected Poems*:

When the muse first came to Mr Spender he looked so sincere that her heart failed her, and she said: "Ask anything and I will give it to you," and he said: "Make me sincere."

If you look at the world with parted lips and a pure heart, and will the good, won't that make a true and beautiful poem? One's heart tells one that it will; and one's heart is wrong.

There are countless other examples that one could give of the truthful clarity and wit that one loves and admires Jarrell for. It is impossible to imagine him being taken in by the flaccid or the tawdry. In 1945 he reviewed a collection of *Five Young American Poets*, one of whom was Tennessee Williams, and about him, Jarrell wrote that Williams "must be one of those houses people make up to embarrass Poetry or Angry Penguins: no real person - no fictional one except Humpty Dumpty - would say about poets: 'For others, I know, the Army has offered a bonus' (That's heaven, Dachau). Yet in the same review Jarrell remarked of Lowell's *Land of Unlabeled* that Lowell "is a promising poet. In this specific sense, some of the best poems of the past years ought to be written by him." And ten years later he wrote of Elizabeth Bishop that the people of the future "will read her just as they will read Dickinson or Whitman or Stevens."

Jarrell was not only invariably right, he was quite fearless. How else would he have dared to set up a collection of poems by William Carlos Williams that his limitations are neither technical nor moral but intellectual? Or remark *A Propos of The Age of Anxiety* that "the poems, during the thirties, was one of the six or six best poets in the world, and he turned into a rhetorical mill grinding away at the bottom of Limbo, into an automaton that keeps making little jokes, little plays on words, little rhetorical engines, as compulsively and unendingly and un- easily as a neurotic washes his hands". Now one might, of course, argue that Jarrell said something very similar about Auden, or would have done if any of his contributors had possessed a shred of Jarrell's wit; but then no contributor to *Scrutiny* was capable of seeing and explaining why Auden had been one of the five or six best poets in the world, and none of them was able to speak with a proper generosity and understanding of *The Shield of Achilles*, where Jarrell could remark of Auden's technical mastery that when another poet confronts it he "is likely to feel, 'Well back to my greeting card'." And how impossible it is to imagine the *Scrutinizers* - or anyone else, for that matter - saying of Wallace Stevens's *Collected Poems* that "One might as well find fault with the Evening Star as find fault with so much wit and grace and intelligence . . .".

It is proper to bring in *Scrutiny* and the New Critics here because they did, after all, promise to survey the field of contemporary literature and past judgment on what was fit for human consumption. In fact, they managed comparatively little in this respect and their few judgments have not worn well. Jarrell, on the other hand, did a great deal. He is a marvellous close critic, quite at home in the world of the New Criticism, as anyone who has read his analysis of Frost's "Home Burial" will agree. (I take it that Jarrell's championing of Frost was of great importance for that poet's reputation, and who but Jarrell could have wanted to preserve Frost from his admirers on the grounds that "they like his best poems almost as much as they like his worst"?). In a typically mordant essay, "Poets, Critics and Readers", he remarked that "Unless you are one critic in a hundred thousand, the future will quote you only as an example of the normal error of the past, what everybody was foolish enough to believe then. Critics are discarded like calendars . . .".

It is true, they are. But not Jarrell. And this is not merely a matter of how well his judgments have worn. It also has to do with that extraordinary wit, which allowed him to tell the truth in the most unforgettable of ways, so that he could describe a book by Oscar Williams as giving the impression "of having been written on a typewriter", or suggest that "The people who live in a Golden Age usually go around complaining how yellow everything looks", or say of Matthew Arnold that, far from his age missing out on great literature, he "didn't know what he was having". Anyone who has read Jarrell will be in a position to supply his own dozen or so favourites. Often they come in the form of similes: for Jarrell was a master of the unexpected, truthful, simile. Who, having read it, can ever forget his remark about a collection of critics would be unlikely to show any interest in Jarrell's own views of his own poetry? "In the same way, if a pig wandered up to you during a bacon judging contest, 'Go away, pig! What do you know about bacon?'"

A wonderful critic, then. And yet he has his limitations, helpful though it is to admit to the fact. What did Jarrell actually want of literature? When you ask this question you find that you come up with a very odd, old-fashioned answer: that "life". In *Poetry and the Age* he has an account of Richard Wilbur's poem "The Death of a Toad", in which he says of the opening lines that "you stop at the shudder at the raw being of the world . . . that (and is real, all right. But when you read out, you think with a surge of irritation and dismay, so it was all only an excuse for some Poetry." Jarrell takes it

for granted that poetry should possess imitative form (no wonder he was so caustically witty about Yvor Winters). In a review of Roy Campbell's *Selected Poems* he says that "when I looked for the life in Campbell's poems all I could find was literature". There are many other such moments scattered through Jarrell's critical writing, and as is perhaps inevitable the word "life" seems vaguer the more you look at it, or try to understand what he might mean by it. (Much as it does, of course, in *Scrutiny*, where writers are regularly commended for being "on the side of life"; but "What is life?" as Shelley's poet cried.) Perhaps the nearest one can come to understanding what Jarrell had in mind is by way of his disappointing essay, "On Preparing to

Spinoza's granite-like pessimism; and yet reading Jarrell in bulk, his poetry as well as his criticism, you realize that he doesn't have the massive, assured calm of Spinoza. I don't doubt that Jarrell would have appealed to Jarrell, much as he appealed to Matthew Arnold; but in the end Jarrell is more like Arnold in that he accepts the eternal sadness of things, and too swiftly arrives at the position of a helpless, wry dismissiveness about his world; he assents to being a sad heart at the supermarket. Indeed, there are occasions when Jarrell positively luxuriates in his melancholy, and this can infect even his best poems. The line between luxuriating and an energizing verve is a difficult one to draw but is vital; sometimes Jarrell falls on



Some of the grimmer elements in the childhood-haunted world of Randall Jarrell are evoked in this 1967 drawing by Maurice Sendak, with whom Jarrell collaborated on more than one occasion. Illustrating Jarrell's poem "Children Selecting Books in a Library", and published in a memorial volume to Jarrell, the drawing in fact represents Maurice's brother Jack, taken from a family photograph. The age, however, is Sendak's invention - according to Selma G. Lane in *The Art of Maurice Sendak*, from which the picture is taken (1978pp. £25, Bodley Head 0 370 30386 5).

Read Kipling". For there he quotes with absolute approval some words of William James:

"The lunatic's visions of horror are all drawn from the material of daily fact. Our civilization is founded on the shamless, and each individual existence goes out in a lonely stream of helplessness. If you protest, my friend, wait till you arrive there yourself!"

"A lonely stream of helpless agony" - this phrase is so Jarrell-like that it might almost have been written by him. In the same essay, trying to define what it was he thought Kipling lacked he pointed to Turgenyev and Chekhov and remarked that beside them Kipling reveals "a lack of dispassionate moral understanding, perhaps . . . the ability both to understand things and to understand that there is nothing to do about them." Such a statement might on the face of it seem grandly staid, a re-phrasing of

one side, sometimes on the other. The fine, late poem "Well Water" is a case in point:

What a girl called "the dalliance of life"
(Adding an errand to your errand)
"Since you're up . . ." Making you a means to . . .
A means to a means to it is well water.
Pumped from an old well at the bottom of the world.
The pump you pump the water from is ratty.
And hard to move and absurd, a squirrel-wheel
A sick squirrel turns slowly, through inexorable hours. And yet sometimes
The wheel turns of its own weight, the rusty
Pump pumps over your head, the rusty
Water, cold, so cold you cup your hands.
And gulp from them the dalliance of life.
It's a lovely and lovable poem. And yet as you register that typical

Jarrell run-on line, "the sunny/inexorable hours", you feel that it's surely too much the planned surprise, too much in the nature of a wished-for Chekhovian irony. Why inexorable? (One way of answering that question is simply to recall the story of Jarrell and Lowell meeting and discussing contemporary English poets by whom they'd been impressed; Lowell said he liked Hughes, Gunn and Larkin; Jarrell replied that his favourites were Larkin, Larkin and Larkin.) And then you notice that for Jarrell it is inevitable that people are a means to; that they should be caught up in ways that typically require them not so much to act as to be acted upon. It would be wrong to assume that this can claim kinship with Spinoza's laconic agreement to consign the world to the helpless agents of fate is a softer thing. He lacks what he beautifully identifies in the Psalms as the "almost physiological dialectic of suffering, with its opposites struggling into a final reconciled, accepting ecstasy". His sadness is more enervate, more to do with a compassion that only just avoids sentimentality.

That is why, I think, he was obsessed by the Second World War and obsession is not too strong a word. It comes out not only in his poetry, but in his prose, and in his critical writing. For example, he has an unusually severe note on Marianne Moore's war poem "In Distrust of Merits" - though it is typical of Jarrell that he should have been an early and acute admirer of her work - in which he says that she does not remember "that most of the people in a war never fight for even a minute though they bear for years and die forever. They do not fight, but only starve, only suffer, only die: the sum of all this passive misery is that great activity, War." Also included in the present volume is an extraordinary elegy for the war correspondent Ernie Pyle, where you sense such empathy between Jarrell and his subject that it is as though he is saying, "I was the man, I suffered, I was there" (Jarrell did not in fact get overseas during the war). Thus he remarks that "because of Pyle's despatches 'most people of a country feel, in the fullest moral and emotional sense, something that had never happened to them, that they could never have imagined without it - a war.' And he adds that Pyle's writing, 'like his life, is a victory of the deepest moral feeling, of sympathy and understanding and affection, over circumstances as terrible as any men have created and endured.' It is impossible to avoid the feeling, that at such moments Jarrell is projecting something deeply near the heart of himself into his account of the war correspondent. The result is that he succeeds in making Pyle sound like his version of Chekhov and Turgenyev; more, he makes him sound like his own poetry. "For Pyle, to the end, killing was murder; but he saw the murderers die themselves." I do not see how you can read that sentence and not immediately think of Jarrell's own poem "Eight Air Forces".

If, in an odd angle of the helmet, A puppy licks the water from a can Of flowers, and the drunk sergeant shaves
Whistles *O Paradiso!* - shall I say Is not as rich have said: a wolf to man?
The other murderers troop in yawning
Three of them play Pity, one
Lies counting missions, lies there sweating
Till even his heart beats: One; One; One.
O murderers! . . . Still, this is how it's done!

This is a war. The helpless agents of fate: it was a perceptible that could produce marvellous poems, as in "The

Death of the Ball-Turret Gunner", and a handful of others; but it may also help to explain why, in an otherwise unaccountable lapse, Jarrell found nothing of worth in the poetry of Isaac Rosenberg. For Rosenberg's best poetry has precisely that sardonic quality which would make Jarrell acutely uncomfortable. He would not be able to call it heartbreaking (one of his most over-used, and most revealing, terms of critical approval). By comparison he found it easy to praise Owen because his poetry "has shown, to us one of those worlds which, after we have been shown it, we call the real world". And Owen's world is, of course, one of above all "pity", of the "eternal reciprocity of tears". It is guaranteed to appeal to Jarrell.

In a fine moment in *A Room with a View* E.M. Forster describes Lucy Honeychurch playing the piano so that "the sadness of the incomplete" throbs through her phrases - "the sadness that is often life but which should never be Art". There is that in Jarrell which is solidly in favour of the incomplete. Karl Shapiro was probably right when he said that "Jarrell is the one poet of my generation who made an art out of American speech as it is, who advanced beyond Frost in using not only a contemporary idiom... but the actual rhythm of our speech. Here Jarrell is unique and technically radical. No other poet of our time has embalmated the common dialogue of Americans with such mastery... He listened like a novelist...". This is true to the extent that Jarrell often uses the stumbling, cliché-strewn inadequacies of speech to convey important truths about the speakers of many of his poems. (It is notable that his warmest praise for W.C. Williams was reserved for Book One of *Potter*, and that he singled out for special mention the passage about the two girls gathering willow twigs, one of whom says to the other "ain't they beautiful". Jarrell comments, "How could words show better than these last three the touching half-success, half-failure of their language?"). The novelist in Jarrell is less importantly represented by the strung-together jokes of *Pictures from an Institution* than by a large number of poetic monologues. But the trouble with these monologues is that although different people may speak, they all seem to be variations of one person, and that one person - whether it is "The Woman at the Washington Zoo"

or "The Lost Children" - has a sad heart which isn't necessarily the fault of the supermarket so much as of, well, life. And it is that, every bit as much as Jarrell's lack of concinnity, of the canorous, which prevents him from being a major poet, though he is certainly a very fine minor one.

Several of the essays in the present collection were first published in *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket*, and the justification for re-printing them here is that that book is out of print. Why not re-print all of them? I imagine the answer is that the English and American editions are different, so that to include all the essays from both versions would take an unwarrantable amount of space. But this is to point to the fact that the state of Jarrell's published criticism is in something of a muddle - as is the *Complete Poems* for that matter. I hope that someday someone will straighten these muddles out: the whole of Jarrell ought to be made properly available. In the meantime, *Kipling, Auden and Co.* contains much of the best work of a critic who is essential reading for anyone that takes to heart the rhetorical questions he threw out to his fellow-critics: "Criticism does exist, doesn't it, for the sake of the plays and stories and poems it criticises?... Brothers, do we want to sound like the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, only worse?"

A recent addition to Twayne's "United States Authors" series is *Randall Jarrell*, by Sister Bernette Quinn OSP, edited by Warren French (172pp, Twayne Publishers: G.K. Hall & Co. 0 8057 7266 9). Following a full chronology and a verse-tribute to Jarrell by Jim Clark, there are seven chapters covering Jarrell's career as poet, novelist, critic and teacher: "An Introduction to Randall Jarrell"; "Wingless Airman: The War Years"; "Girls and Angels: Two Lyrics Compared"; "Jarrell the Analyst: Poems on Art"; "The Original Bat-Poet"; "Novelist, Translator"; and "In the Glass of Memory: The Greensboro Graduates Look Back" (this last a selection of reminiscences of Jarrell by his former students at the Women's College, University of North Carolina where he had been Associate Professor of English since 1947). The book presents a penetrating and sympathetic picture of a man who, apart from his achievements as a critic, was thought by Robert Lowell to have written some of the best lyric poems of the century.

Ordering the self

By Lachlan Mackinnon

ROBERT REIDER:
Wordsworth and the Beginnings of Modern Poetry
245pp. Croom Helm. £12.95.
0 85664 368 8

Robert Reider tells us that modern poetry sets out to explore the unconscious, that in doing so it follows Wordsworth's lead; and that Wordsworth brings back to English poetry a poetic self-consciousness which had been missing in the years since Milton. He points out how Wordsworth is followed by later Romantic writers in his respect for Spenser, who is admired not only for his content but for the "dream world" which Keats and Tennyson, for instance, exploit. However, his real concern is with Wordsworth's novelty, not his traditionalism.

The Prelude is at the centre of his argument. He offers a useful close reading of the opening passage in which the poet toys with and rejects conventional narrative possibilities before settling on his own mind as subject. His reading broadens to consider the way in which Wordsworth's long sentences enact the self-undoing twists of consciousness, and suggests that this can be related to the long sentences in James and Joyce. He moves on to propose that Words-

worth's repeated classification of his own poems by type prefigures the arrangement, for example, of *Autumn* and *Whitman*. Ordering the work is a way of ordering the self, and this is the characteristic modern concern.

Reider's close analyses are acute and interesting. The thrust of his whole argument is not. Oddly, though he treats Wordsworth's syntactic procedures well, he does not look hard at the problem of diction. In his last chapter, he cites Pound, Valéry and Stevens as working under the Wordsworthian dispensation. Pound's Imagist prescriptions are only a new version of the *Lyric Ballads* purification, we are told; what is not considered is the intervening presence of Flaubert, and of a rather different kind of artistic self-consciousness to which Pound and Valéry are heirs. Wordsworth was undoubtedly unprejudiced with poetic finches; his aim being to speak to his reader without literary intervention. From Keats to Stevens, from Baudelaire to James Merrill, modern poetry, however concerned with the subjects of the self-undoing *Prelude*, has paid a quite un-Wordsworthian attention to aesthetic effect. No one since Wordsworth has slipped back so readily into eighteenth-century fiction, or so trusted his own value-powers. Reider's conventional generalizations about Wordsworth's place in literary history fail to catch the ambiguity of his achievement and the doubt which must arise about the persistence of his influence.

Parochial concerns

By C.N.L. Brooke

COLIN PLATT:
The Parish Churches of Medieval England
185pp. 138 illustrations. Secker and Warburg £15 (paperback, £5.95).
0436 37553 2

In this splendid and delightful book the old world which gave us the parish churches and the new in which we study and try to preserve them are skilfully united. Our parish churches have had an extraordinary and chequered life. Many a stone and worm-eaten bench end represents the generosity and dedication - or some other mixture of human motives - which made every generation of the Middle Ages rector, linker with or rebuild; and often that extraordinary mixture of zeal and neglect which marks every generation of a church's history. Never was this more true than today, when we bring to their study and preservation dedicated staffs of conservation, all the resources of a rich country (however poor its politicians may pretend it is), new techniques of learning - historical, archaeological, art-historical, architectural historical, as Poloniou might have said - and yet we see all about us, amid many churches beautifully kept, many others spilt, neglected, crumbling, dying. The reformer of the sixteenth century, with his destructive zeal, the woodworm of the eighteenth often (though far from always) chewing undisturbed, the restorer of the nineteenth, who destroyed more historical evidence than any of his rivals in his anxiety to salvage the

past: all these would find much that was familiar if they could wander far enough among the thousands of medieval parish churches which have none the less survived.

In a similar way many of the great historians and antiquaries who have written their history in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries - such as Francis Bond, Hamilton Thompson and G. G. Coulton - would find much that was familiar in this book. Colin Platt's scholarship is securely based on a long tradition to which he also brings the skills and insights of current research. His own contribution is of special value, since he combines the experience of the archaeologist and the historian, and is one of those scholars whose work makes traditional distinctions between the disciplines sound old-fashioned.

This is essentially a historical survey, in which the results of documentary research, recent archaeology and the techniques of the architectural historian are brought together; the historical narrative is enlivened with numerous examples, many of them illuminated by the also numerous illustrations. It is not a large book, and will be, one hopes, the more accessible to a wide circle of readers for that reason. It covers a long period of history, and one excellent feature is a chapter carrying the story past the Reformation to the end of the sixteenth century.

The book is therefore, unavoidably, very selective. In early chapters, the author shrewdly appraises the results of some of the recent enquiries into parochial origins, archaeological investigation of churches, and the history of church dedications; but he does not take time off to discuss the way in

which hard thought and tough work in these fields have changed our approach and perspective, and what he says about dedications, though perceptive, is perhaps a little superficial. The effect of this is that the reader is made aware that it is an active field of study, but not aware how many parts of it are in ferment. The selection also sometimes seems to distort the perspective. The Platt's study of appropriation - the process whereby a large share of parochial income was taken away for the support of religious communities - follows a traditional, critical pattern and indeed shows the influence of Coulton's justly famous galaxy of examples in *Five Centuries of Religion*. This tends to hide uses of the process which may seem to a modern audience more obviously congenial: founders and benefactors of colleges used them, for example, as did the fourteenth-century bishop of Norwich who founded Trinity Hall and secured the foundation of Gonville Hall in Cambridge, a way of endowing the education of the clergy of their sees.

At the end of the book admirable notes draw attention to much of the most interesting literature on the subject; but there is no general reading-list to remind us of the great classics of the past, or the vital works of reference. I have not found any mention either of Pevsner or of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. As so often, one asks greedily for more because the fare is so good: this is a first-rate book which scholars may ponder and all who care for our heritage enjoy. It is also an attractive book. The illustrations indeed suffer a little from a greyness which may disguise the fact that many are based on admirable photographs, and that they have been brilliantly chosen.

Prelatical procedures

By W. L. Warren

MARY G. CHENEY:
Roger, Bishop of Worcester 1164-1179
397pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £20.
0 19 821879 6

At the time of King Henry II's notorious and bitter quarrel with Archbishop Thomas Becket, the youngest of a distinguished bench of bishops was Roger, bishop of Worcester. He and the king were cousins: they were of much the same age, and had for a time been educated together in the household of Roger's father, the great Earl Robert of Gloucester, a bastard son of King Henry I. Bishop Roger was one of the few men who knew how to handle the tempestuous and domineering but great-hearted Henry II without incurring the royal wrath. The story is told that one day he encountered two monks who were being hauled before the royal court on charges of uttering insulting and probably traitorous words about the king. He advised them on their best line of defence, and accordingly they promptly confessed to everything they were accused of saying, adding, however, that this was nothing to what they would have said if the king had not run out. The king roared with laughter and let the culprits off.

In some respects he had more in common with his cousin the king than with his archbishop. Both of them disclaimed pomp, gave no thought to personal dignity, and were indifferent to wealth; and both characteristically sought a better ordering of society through the rule of law. Bishop Roger played no part in Henry II's fashioning of the English common law, but he was a notable figure in the pioneering phase of developing a common law for the Church. It is this aspect of his career which has left most traces. In surviving records, and is the major theme of Mary Cheney's book. A third of this is documents: 85 acts of the bishop pulled mainly from monastic cartularies and for the most part concerned with the patronage of churches, and a calendar of 126 letters of Pope Alexander III commissioning him to act as a papal judge-delegate or dealing with aspects of cases in which he was involved.

in exile; and after the murder of the archbishop he was one of those who journeyed to Rome to intercede with the pope on the king's behalf. The late David Knowles regarded him as the most loyal and fearless of Becket's supporters but spoke of his conduct as somewhat "equivocal". Mary Cheney attributes it basically to a conflict of loyalties; but the evidence of her book strongly suggests that Bishop Roger was very much his own man, out of sympathy with both sides, and impatient of a quarrel which impeded the urgent task, as he saw it, of reforming the Church. It is a pointer to his attitude that he openly, to the dismay of Becket's friends, criticized the archbishop for not offering to resign if the king would guarantee a proper degree of freedom to the Church. Bishop Roger, it seems, had a different set of priorities from Becket.

Those who knew him spoke of Bishop Roger as "a great priest" and the most influential bishop of his day. Pope Alexander III described him as a luminary of the English Church. Sadly we cannot get close enough to the man to know for ourselves the reasons for their warmth: there is no contemporary biography, no letters or sermons, and only a handful of anecdotes in the chronicles; but by analysing the legal material so thoroughly, Mary Cheney has inscribed a worthy memorial to a man who strove in a very practical way to set his world to rights.

HELENE CARRERE D'ENCAUSSE:
Le Pouvoir Confisque
Gouvernements et Gouvernés en U.R.S.S.
328pp. Paris: Flammarion.
2 08 064300 2

This is an absorbing book on many counts. The nature of political power and the relations of "governments and governed" in the Soviet Union is a subject of perennial interest in the West. It is investigated by Hélène Carrère d'Encausse with acute political perception and a wide knowledge of Soviet and non-Soviet sources. A single merit of her work is that it attempts a broader conspectus of Soviet Party controls over religious, national and cultural life than can be expected from more specialist studies like T. H. Rigby's fine work on Communist Party membership or Mervyn Matthews's on Party privilege. Though her views on some contentious issues may not find general agreement, her arguments are always well founded and nicely balanced, while her lively idiomatic French style often lends wings to complicated argument.

In her analysis of the Party's techniques of power and government, Mme Carrère d'Encausse is frustrated like all those working in this field, by the secrecy obscuring Party decision-making and the lack of much essential documentation. But her work shows what can be made of this baffling situation by patient research and political nous, even if many problems must be left unsolved.

"Le pouvoir confisque" of the title stands for the alienation of popular power by the Communist Party, and originated in Lenin's determination that power should remain in the hands of the Bolsheviks after the 1917 Revolution, and not pass to the less controllable peasant masses. In his he was successful. However, Lenin's standards of Party austerity steadily deteriorated under Stalin. Differentiation of salaries for top Party Government officials set in, and in its wake a wide range of secret privileges, including access to scarce food and other consumer goods, better-class living accommodation and the so-called "sealed packages", containing monetary bonuses not listed in any Soviet income statistics - to that extent making nonsense of many Soviet estimates of income - became and remained the order of the day for the élites on the Nomenklatura lists.

After Stalin's reign of terror, there was much to be said for some of Khrushchev's original projects, and the "Time of Hope". But Mme Carrère d'Encausse tends to exaggerate his qualities both as Party leader and as a competent administrator. His extraordinary secret speech at the Twentieth Party Congress revealing Stalin's crimes she regards as "a fatal blow to the Soviet ideology and system". Theoretically this may be so, but in fact both remain as strongly entrenched as ever. Khrushchev tried to introduce more flexibility and internal democracy into the Party regulations and the author is of the opinion that his idea of "the State of the whole people" could have led to the "radical transformation of the Soviet political system" if allowed to mature. But as Khrushchev never relinquished the principle of the Party's monopoly of political power, his changes could, potentially, have altered the Party. His unpopularity grew in the Party ranks because of the instability produced by his constant juggling about of cadres, of his centralization of Party power and his establishment of the regional economic councils and of other "monolithic" structures affecting various aspects of Soviet life, notably education.

Having lost his power base in the Central Committee, Khrushchev was ousted by the powerful influence in

Power to the powerful

By Violet Conolly

the Presidium of Suslov, Kosygin and Brezhnev, who seem to have agreed to operate on a "collegial" basis, so as to put an end to the kind of personal power wielded by Khrushchev. As there are no published records of Presidium proceedings it is not known how this decision was reached and whether it was unanimous or not. Agreement was certainly facilitated in the triumvirate by the fact that the elder hierarchs Suslov and Kosygin were not politically ambitious men and Brezhnev's political aspirations were not yet apparent. In the author's words they were rather "une apparente grisaille", compared to the more colourful rivals of power in 1953: Khrushchev, Malenkov and Beria.

This collegial leadership had to resolve several "mini-crises" in order to establish itself. In the first place, the Army, led by the Minister of Defence, Marshal Malinovsky, was striving for greater autonomy, and an awkwardness existed between the Party and Malinovsky until his death in 1967. He was replaced by the more amenable Marshal Grechko, and subsequently by Brezhnev's nominee Marshal Ustinov, a Party apparatchik and specialist in armaments but not a professional soldier.

The well-documented steps by which First Secretary Brezhnev reached his present position as "dirigeant suprême" of the Party and Government apparatus show him to be a deft but cautious mover of pieces on the Party chess-board. Senior colleagues who might have proved obstacles in his path have gradually lost their status in the hierarchy. Thus, the once influential N. V. Podgorny, with a Party power base in the Ukraine; was summarily removed from the Central Committee Secretariat and appointed to the then politically innocuous post of President of the Supreme Soviet. The cutting down of the younger Alexander N. Sholepov, with a "carrière fulgurante" behind him in the Party and Government hierarchies, was

even more ominous: he was a former head of the KGB, President of the Committee of Control of Party and State, a member of the Secretariat and a vice-Chairman of the Council of Ministers. His Party-State Control Committee was first abolished, thus automatically depriving him of his seat in the Council of Ministers and shortly afterwards he was moved to the politically impotent post of Chairman of the Central Council of Trade Unions.

Simultaneously with these displacements of former "strong men", Brezhnev was acquiring a number of prestigious new titles in the Soviet hierarchy. He was designated Secretary General of the Party (1966) with decisive authority over the appointments and expulsion of Party members and over Nomenklatura nominations, Head of State (as Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet) in 1977, and Chairman of the Council of Defence USSR. In addition, Brezhnev assumed the title of Marshal of the Soviet Union in 1976, although his military service in the Second World War was not distinguished, while under his aegis high military ranks were bestowed on General Epifhev, Head of the Political Direction of the Army, General Shchelokov, Minister of the Interior, and General Andropov, head of the KGB, all leading apparatchiki and not professional soldiers. Such arbitrary encroachment on cherished military traditions may well have irked the Army and it is significant that the Army was not represented at the ceremony when Brezhnev was presented with the insignia of Marshal of the Soviet Union nor when he received the Order of Victory.

Having analysed Brezhnev's position at the top of the pyramid, Mme Carrère d'Encausse maintains that his power derives from the confidence felt in him by his elderly peers in the Politburo-Secretariat leadership who are primarily interested in stability, and from his own undramatic conduct of affairs; it still rests in

fact on the original concept of "collegiality". As a footnote to this one might suggest that this concept has been so undermined by Brezhnev's discreet assumption of personal powers and egregious "cult of personality" that a rising leadership composed of more active younger men would today find the situation just as intolerable as the triumvirate did in 1964. Be which as it may, the enigma of Brezhnev's elusive personality remains and not surprisingly Mme Carrère d'Encausse has not tried to define it.

Behind the Party's "chief" stands the influential phalanx of Party organs: the CC, the Politburo and the Secretariat, which are the "facto" government of the country. The secrecy surrounding this "closed circuit of power" inevitably focuses attention on what is known of their structure and composition. By 1976 Party membership had grown to fifteen million from 300,000 in 1918, and the Central Committee to 426 from twenty-three members over the same period. There has been a marked tendency to reelect CC members, favouring the older generation (83.4 per cent in 1976).

Functional representation, rather than individual qualities, is now regarded as the criterion for membership of the CC. It thus seems politically significant that Army representation had declined from 10 per cent (1961) to 7 per cent (1976), while that of the Police fell to 1.5. But the *apparatchiki* of the State and Party organizations formed 70 per cent of the membership.

The low representation of workers and peasants (4.5 per cent) does not correspond to their importance either in the Soviet population or in the Party's base membership, and provides good grounds for the criticism that the élite body should be more accessible to the working classes. The national republics are also unequally represented both in regard to the number of

delegates and their hierarchical status, reflecting their political importance in the Union. The RSFSR heads the list in both respects, followed by the Ukraine and Kazakhstan. All these republics have the right to membership of the CC but some are full members with the right to vote, like Uzbekistan and Belorussia, while others are candidate members without voting rights.

Unequal representation notwithstanding, Madame Carrère d'Encausse concludes that the CC is "a genuinely collegial body" because it reflects "a certain equality of forces in the USSR, force of the apparatuses, force of the regions or the republics". It does not now have the decisive influence on policy it had under Lenin, but it does have the responsibility of electing the two super decision-making bodies in the Soviet Union: the Politburo and the Secretariat. The Politburo is a relatively small body (consisting of fourteen full members with voting rights and nine candidates), presided over by the Secretary General, its membership is predominantly Russian, and as *ex officio* contains leaders of the Party and Government hierarchies, some first secretaries of the national republics and other officials. In the author's view, the Politburo became more representative with the inclusion, under Brezhnev's leadership, of the Ministers of Defence, Foreign Affairs and the Head of the KGB. Undoubtedly this was a shrewd bid by the Secretary General for the continued loyalty of these ministers.

The ten-man Secretariat, the main administrative organ of the CC, wields enormous political influence through the variety and importance of its responsibilities; the selection of cadres ensuring the enforcement of Party decisions, even if theoretically it is not a decision-making body on a par with the Politburo. These responsibilities are distributed among the members of the Secretariat; for example, M. A. Suslov controls the ideological work, and all are assisted by a numerous staff of *apparatchiki*. The "petrification" or rigidity of the Soviet government system is often ascribed to the advanced age of members of both the Politburo and the Secretariat (average age seventy and sixty-seven respectively in 1980). This gerontocracy is tenaciously clinging to power, but seems loath or unable to tackle many of the country's urgent difficulties, and unwilling to confront the problem of the succession. Waiting in the wings is a younger generation of Party members, totally different in outlook, and impatient with the immobility of the system that blocks its upward path. In default of a succession procedure, it is an open question how this issue will eventually be settled. In the main, Mme Carrère d'Encausse's comments on Brezhnev's disposal of "strong men", and the Politburo and the Secretariat, largely coincide with the revelations of a Soviet defector, Michael Voslensky, in his sensational *La Nomenklatura* (a coincidence? as there is no mention of Voslensky in her bibliography).

Considerable social and political significance must be given to the discrepancies found by Mme Carrère d'Encausse between the nature ("le réel") of Soviet life and the premises of the "State of the entire people" proclaimed by the 1977 Constitution. The forms of popular participation in government, through universal suffrage and the local Soviets, are penetrated by Party groups and are far from independent. Some twenty million activists, for example, were engaged in ensuring the massive turnout at the polls and the return of all the single candidates at the 1979 elections for the Supreme Soviet. Still, in spite of the attendant risks, many thousands of votes were registered against the official candidates for both chambers of the Supreme Soviet while other citizens tried to express their disagreement with the election procedure by dodging the polls.

The tier of local Soviets elected throughout the country are more in

First Essay on Interest

Not usury, but interest. The cup slowed in mid-raze, the short whistle, hum, the little forwards shift mark our intake of that non-physical breath which the lungs mimic sharply, to cancel the gap in pressure left by our self vanishing into its own alert - A blink returns us to self, that intimate demeanour self-repairing as a bow-wave. What we have received is the ordinary mail of the otherworld, wholly common, not postmarked divine; no one refuses delivery, not even the eagle, her face fixed at heavy Menace: I have juices to sort the relevant from the irrelevant even her gaze may tilt left, askance, aloof, right, fixing a still unknown. Delaying huge flight.

Interest. Mild and inherent with fire as oxygen, it is a sporadic inhalation. We can live long days under its surface, breathing material air then something catches, is itself, intent and special silence. This is interest, that blinks our interests out and alone permits their survival, by relieving us of their gravity, for a timeless moment; that centres where it points, and points to centering, that centres us where it points, and reflects our centre. It is a form of love. The everyday shines through it and patches of time. But it does not mingle with these; it wakens only for each trace in them of the Beloved.

And this breath of interest is non-rhythmical; it is human to obey, humane to be wary of rhythm (as tainted by the rattle, as marching with the snare-drum. The season of interest is not fixed in the calendar cycle; it pulls towards acute dimensions. Death is its intimate. When that Holland of cycles, the body, veers steeply downhill interest retreats from the feet; it ceases to inail and fade, like breath; it becomes a vivid steady state that registers every grass-blade seen on the way, the long conical grain in the steps, free insects flying; it stands aside from your panic, the wrecked delirium; it behaves as if it were the part of you not dying.

Affinity of interest with extremity seems to dilute to this point of infinity that suggests the beloved is not death; but rather what our death has hidden. Which may be this world.

Les A. Murray

which reveals itself in the glibly puri-
fying. The insecurity spills over into the
same-dropping bird where, as if hav-
ing God on his side were not quite
enough, Horder enlists the support of
among others, C. Day Lewis, Pablo
Neruda, Pete Townshend and Princess
Anne. It is this frantic cry for attention
which makes this book not just enter-

Clearing up after Mao

By Raymond Dawson

JOHN FRASER:
The Chinese
Portrait of a People
463pp. Collins. £7.95.
0 00 216817 0

DAVID BONAVIA:
The Chinese
A Portrait
290pp. Allen Lane. £7.95.
0 7139 1377 0

During his two-year stint in China John Fraser often heard the following story about Deng Xiaoping. When he was purged by Mao during the Cultural Revolution, the veteran communist leader had to return to his native village in Sichuan province, which he had not seen for decades. The villagers were astonished to see this hard-bitten and resilient character reduced to tears, appalled that the place was so little changed despite nearly two decades of Communist rule.

Now after a further decade of non-progress Deng and his colleagues face the daunting task of clearing up after the Cultural Revolution and the Gang of Four. The major problems which are the legacy of Mao's declining years include the crisis in the educational system (which had been totally disrupted by the closure of universities and the imposition of non-academic admissions criteria when they re-opened), the failure to make any significant improvement in

the living standards of the peasants, the huge urban unemployment (which had never been officially admitted before 1979), and the slow pace of modernization owing to "redness" being given priority over expertise. To point the direction for the future the slogan of today is the Four Modernizations—in agriculture, industry, science and technology, and defence. Politics is no longer in command.

These two books are both designed to describe the realities of life in China as she enters the penultimate decade of the twentieth century. Subject-matter is the same but approach and style are completely different. Fraser's previous career had been in theatre and dance criticism before he surprisingly got the plum job of resident correspondent in Peking for the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, which operates the longest-established Western newspaper bureau in the communist capital. David Bonavia is an old hand at this game, a fluent speaker of both Russian and Chinese, who had served for three years as *The Times* correspondent in Moscow before going to Peking in a similar capacity. Fraser's is an "I-was-there" book, Bonavia's a largely impersonal account. Fraser's style is gossipy, rambling and repetitious; Bonavia's for the most part cool, concise, and authoritative. Both sorrow at the sufferings of the Chinese people, but do not fail to give credit to the achievements of the regime where it is due.

Bonavia has sometimes seemed to take a rather jaundiced view of China, a not uncommon and not surprising reaction among those who

have suffered the frustrations of trying to practise journalism in places where the truth is a closely guarded secret. He has also talked much with refugees in Hong Kong, who are not inclined to dwell on the excellences of the communist regime. But now that the whole of China is a refuge from its own recent past and the full extent of the tragedy of Mao's last years is freely admitted by the Chinese as they try to purge themselves of this experience, Bonavia's account seems a very fair and balanced picture of China today, providing just enough historical background for the needs of the general reader who wants to understand the legacy which the present leadership has to cope with. It gains in authority from the fact that he has two invaluable points of comparison, his years in Moscow and his knowledge of Chinese history, which is enough to show him how much of the present is deeply rooted in the past. Occasionally one wants to quibble with his historical judgments. For example, no one who lived in China in the late 1950s would agree that wall-posters "as a serious political institution date from 1966". But in general his book can be strongly recommended.

Fraser is a sharp and sensitive observer, who got a very great deal out of his two years in China. His book is valuable reading because its focal point is the period of four months in late 1978 and early 1979, when the lid was taken right off the melting-pot of China and Europeans who took the trouble to look could see right inside. Democracy Wall in the centre of Peking was being plas-

tered with posters criticizing Mao and much else besides. Tiananmen Square was thronged with crowds holding impromptu symposia on democracy, unofficial journals spread like a rash, foreigners and Chinese could easily visit each other in their homes, and all the pent-up grievances came gushing forth.

Fraser was in the thick of all this. He even stuck up his own wall poster to advertise for the return of a ring which he thought he had lost in the vicinity. He gave his phone number, and was consequently bombarded with calls from Chinese wishing to practise their English. Later he found himself addressing a huge meeting to pass on information to the masses about what a fellow-journalist had heard in an interview with Deng. But this could not last. Democracy Wall was abolished; and when the clamp-down came it was even welcomed by those who were content to enjoy the post-Gang liberalization. They did not wish all the new cultural and political relaxations to be jeopardized by trouble-makers.

Fraser also made many trips outside Peking which would have been banned before. He visited Taiwan, now wooed by the Chinese authorities so enthusiastically that they have even screened a Japanese-made television film showing the material progress made by this formerly excommunicated island. He went to Tibet and was able to see at first hand this striking example of Chinese colonialism, and toured Vietnam to witness the appalling aftermath of that country's protracted hostilities.

A sad aspect of the human condition is the contrast between the courage and dignity of individuals and the mindlessness of organizations. No country illustrates this contrast more richly than China. Fraser tells how, after years when there was little to read but the works of Chairman Mao and other political literature, floods of previously forbidden material and new translations of Western classics poured into the bookshops. But to ensure even distribution they were rationed. Customers could buy two books, but they were not able to make their own choice. A private enterprise swap-shop soon materialized to enable people to get rid of unwanted volumes. At the same time aged authors were emerging from their long silence, and musicians and opera stars were returning from the countryside, where they had somehow managed to preserve their faith and their skills as they laboured in the fields. One friend of Fraser had kept up his music by playing an old organ in an abandoned Christian church which had been converted into a grain store.

Both writers capture the paradoxical nature of this ever-fascinating country. Fraser, with his short-term experience, left China impatient because the barriers against free communication had come crashing down, failing to appreciate that contacts were much easier than they had been for many years. Bonavia, taking a longer view, ends on an optimistic note: China is a fundamentally stable society, and the new links with the West will help bring the much-needed improvements in living standards.

Pairing off progressively

By Dennis Duncanson

ELISABETH CROLL

The Politics of Marriage in Contemporary China
210pp. Cambridge University Press. £16.
0 521 23345 3

In few countries has the emancipation of women, entailed a more revolutionary change than in China. Under the Confucian code of imperial times, women were honoured as mothers but not as wives; princesses could become empress dowagers but not sovereign queens; an upper-class man might introduce a close friend to his mother, but not to his wife. Female infanticide went on well into the present century. Customs had inflicted many mutilations on the world; few, in civilized countries, exceed in hurt and anguish the binding of little Chinese girls' feet. For three hundred years governments have frowned on that cruel practice, yet a foreign tourist may still glimpse some crippled, ageing victim hobbling on her "golden lilies" along town or village street.

For women of all classes in old China, wedlock was a bondage devoid of sentimental content. Neither bride nor groom chose their spouse; marriage was an affair of family (or "lineage") honour, often settled without the bride's knowledge, let alone consent, and she might never have seen her groom until an hour or two before she had to go to bed with him. The urge for reform came from European example, along with ideas for "modernizing" politics and technology. After the 1911 Revolution, twenty years of civil war held up legislation to stop arranged marriages; then more civil war and the Japanese invasion delayed its enforcement for another twenty years. Elizabeth Croll, who has twice visited China, to her credit, has now been finding out how the Communist Marriage Law has worked, after thirty more years, unbroken, this time by outside forces.

The indigenous sociological surveys of the Republican era in China dried up at Liberation, so this study relies on didactic stories from the Party press, supplemented by two or three visits the authoress has made to a village near Canton. The result is fascinating: marriage customs and ceremonies turn out to be yet another aspect of life where Mao Tse-tung's social engineering has achieved little in rural areas. Free-choice ("self-determining") marriages, the ideal championed by Chinese social reformers for half a century, is commonplace in urban life but less usual in the country, where the traditional betrothal ("contract") marriage predominates. There are, of course, intermediate positions—families may find mates for their youngsters who then approve the choice, or the children may make their own choice but only go through with it if their parents say yes—but the young, generally, still give their elders the last word.

In the early years of the regime, numerous cases occurred of children rejecting Communist Party support under the Marriage Law against parental dictates being turned away because the Party preferred not to antagonize the parents. Since then, extension of the "commune" to every social activity, though intended to substitute Party power for lineage power, over "the means of production" by making "production teams" coincide with lineages and "production brigades" with villages, has had the contrary effect of investing with a new political authority the old social control of the lineage over marriage arrangements. Occasionally, the Party itself or the Youth League stands in loco parentis and arranges marriages for its members, and in the case of the egalitarianism the commune are supposed to stand for village girls who really do have a choice for money and position wherever

there is a chance to get a well-paid Party man; even where an element of courting takes place, crowded living conditions and persisting prudery deprive it of romance.

The aims behind Communist reforms are political. Delayed marriage is meant to stave off the Malthusian menace; but that particular Party line is thwarted because, there being no state pensions under socialism, would-be wed have to breed young so as to raise children broad enough to keep them by the time they are too old to work. On their wedding day, city brides leave home by bicycle or pedicab; but village brides often still go by gaudy

sedan chair—happily no longer those ill-omened contraptions, glorified packing-cases, in which, with crated dowry following behind, many a wretched girl in olden times was battered away from view and jogged tearfully down from home on coolies' shoulders for miles and miles, on some auspicious but inclement day, to her death before arrival from heat stroke, frost-bite, or drowning at a ford in spate. Along with showy dowries—and bride prices ("contract gifts")—the Party proscribes the feasting at the groom's home which used to be the essence of a wedding; it is wasteful in post-revolutionary hard times. In cities, a tea-party in a works canteen is indeed the only

wedding breakfast nowadays, yet in the country Bruegelsque rusticity lives on: if the resources of the lineage are henceforward identical with the commune's, why not charge the banquet up as tax-deductible expense—tactfully inviting the Party cadres too?

Dr Croll finds one key to the Marriage Law's success or failure in different places in the housing stock of town or village. That is a shrewd judgment: for all Mao's totalitarian haste to breed the New Socialist Man by a kind of Michurinist social conditioning within his own lifetime, customs have changed at their own pace.

Having fun in Oudh

By M. E. Yapp

RICHARD B. BARNETT:
North India Between Empires
A Wadhwa, the Mughals, and the British
1720-1801
276pp. University of California Press. £15.
0 520 03787 1

Even today the Indian city of Lucknow enjoys a reputation for courtly decadence, a pale, latter-day reflection of the days when it was the capital of the state of Oudh and early Victorians listened with disgusted fascination to stories of its luxury and debauchery. Satyajit Ray's suggestion that chess was preferred to sex and violence by the Oudh nobility is satisfying to our late twentieth-century minds but unconvincing. Even in Richard B. Barnett's neutral, epidemic-prose elements of the older version survive.

The subject of Dr Barnett's book (which is based upon British and Persian sources) is the development of the state of Oudh during the eighteenth century, from its secession from the failing Mughal Empire through its life as a captive vassal, buffer state of the British East India Company, to its moment when Richard Wellesley annexed a large part of it in 1801.

unusually. The first is the traditional model in which successes and failures are ascribed to the moral and other personal qualities of individuals, and the second is the fashionable model of political science.

In the traditional model the achievement of Oudh independence is seen as the consequence of the abilities of such men as the skilful and ruthless Shuja al-Dawla; and the subsequent decline as the result of mismanagement by Asaf al-Dawla, who, we are sternly informed, preferred drinking with his friends to attending to the routine chores of state business. Well, who wouldn't, one may ask. Duty, whether prescribed by Sharia, Shastras or secular ordinance, is all very fine in its place, but what was the point of being a prince if you could not have some fun? If Oudh stood for anything surely it was for the "banquet house" sentiment; it had no Bible Belt electorate.

In the second type of explanation personalities are replaced by impersonal forces. Oudh is described as a representative of a species known as a regional political unit, an area defined by history, culture and geography, and one of the building-blocks of most Empires. Barnett tries to establish rules for the behaviour of such units, comparing Oudh with other political systems in India and elsewhere. Its fortunes, he claims, were governed by the interplay of power blocks; its decline was the consequence of the rise of the East India Company; and its

survival beyond the period when its collapse might have been anticipated is ascribed to "the innate impermanence of its segmentary political structure."

This is a picture far removed from the lottery of princely whim but not noticeably more convincing: readers outside the Liberal party may well doubt whether regional political units are so well formed and, in particular, whether Oudh was carved out of the featureless North Indian plain by anything but accident; and if they may well feel that the East India Company contributed more to Oudh's survival than to its destruction. Barnett focuses on the economic and financial pressures first place only in relation to Wellesley's partial annexation. But Robert Clive and Warren Hastings, the existence of Oudh as a buffer for the protection of the Company's Bengal territories was more important than financial gains; and when financial pressures threatened to destroy Oudh it was the Company itself which resisted those pressures. Only when trained those pressures were Oudh was no longer required to preserve the empire and even then the preservation of its ramp was defended by strategic arguments. Undi 1856 Oudh remained a safety-valve for Indian ambitions, a Company territory, and an illustration of the alleged benefits of British rule. After all, decadence had its uses, if only as a moral lesson in its consequences.

Southwell's scholar

By F. W. Dillistone

FRANK H. WEST:
A Portrait of Bishop Russell Barry
104pp. Bramcote, Nottinghamshire: Grove Books. £3.95.
0 905422 74 0

The first appendix to this short biography raises the crucial question: should Russell Barry have been a bishop? There has been a noticeable change in the Church of England during the past twenty years or so. Up to that time appointment to episcopal rank seemed to denote the attainment of one of the highest offices in Church and State with the honours and privileges attached to it. But there has been a growing conviction that in our changing world a bishop's work has become largely administrative, involving committees, voluminous correspondence and travelling, and consequently allowing little time for reading and writing and pastoral counselling. Men therefore who wish to follow scholarly pursuits seem hesitant to accept episcopal office.

Between the wars there were no men in the Church of England who possessed brilliant minds, who had served with distinction in the First World War, and who wrote books relating the Christian faith to modern conditions with insight and originality. One was Charles Raven at Cambridge, the other was Russell Barry at Oxford. Without question each hoped to become a

bishop. This distinction never came to the first, probably in large measure because of his pacifism. In the case of Barry it did not come quickly, and when it did, it was to a see which he would probably not have chosen. He remained in Southwell for twenty-two years, fulfilling the essential duties of his office with the help of able assistants. But he wanted to extend his influence beyond the boundaries of the diocese in a way which he had previously been able to do through his writing and lecturing and preaching.

Frank West loyally supported him as Archdeacon for fifteen years and has written about his chief with affection, frankness and balanced judgment. He refers sympathetically to Barry's physical handicap: deafness inevitably made verbal communication with him difficult. The biography reveals also that Barry had a real pastoral concern and won the respect, often the affection, of his clergy. Yet it is abundantly clear that his greatest strengths lay in his ability to relate the Christian tradition to the extraordinary developments in social, political and international affairs which have come about since the outbreak of war in 1914.

It was his appointment to be vicar of the University Church in Oxford in 1927 which gave him his great opportunity. There were immense practical difficulties but he overcame them, making the Church a centre to which undergraduates flocked on Sunday evenings, and organizing the Mission to the University led by William Temple in 1931, a mission still remembered

fifty years later as one of the most remarkable events in the history of Christianity in Oxford. In that same year Barry's book *The Relevance of Christianity* appeared and this established his own reputation. Nothing that he wrote subsequently made quite the same impact.

Bishop West traces the stages of Barry's career, revealing him as a man of first-rate scholarship who also possessed an enormous fund of courage and dogged determination which showed itself in his exploits in both world wars as well as in his handling of practical situations in parish and diocese. When he finally retired to a residence in Westminster at the age of seventy-three he set about writing books and articles, publishing no less than eight books between 1964 and 1974. At the same time he was a regular contributor to *The Times* and to the *TL5* and a number of his articles for the former were published in book form. He dealt with theological themes in a lively and up-to-date fashion, relating them to what was going on in the world, to the very end of his life. The biography has two specially valuable chapters on Barry as a writer and on the content of his writings.

Whether Barry ever found quite the right position for himself after he left Oxford in 1933 is a matter open to debate. But that he was a man of fortitude and of a fine constructive mind is hardly to be doubted. His biographer has given us an appealing portrait of one who strove to the end to set forth the Christian faith as relevant to the needs of the twentieth century.

A Buddhist's Bildung

By Michael Carrithers

Edited by Somaratna Balasooriya and others
Buddhist Studies in Honour of Walpole Rahuja
236pp. Gordon Fraser. £20.
0 86092 030 5

Walpole Rahuja's varied and by no means smooth life can be regarded as a formation or *Bildung*, the gradual accumulation of the moral and intellectual resources which are so plentifully attested to in his writings. His formal schooling ended when he refused to be sent to his village school in the south of Sri Lanka. He was then ordained a novice in the Buddhist order and received a traditional monk's training in Sinhalese, Pali, Sanskrit, and Buddhism. This enlightenment did little to quell his spirit, however, for as a monk he became a vigorous, able, and ambitious Buddhist practitioner, an advocate of the national independence movement, and even a supporter of the trade union struggle (for which he was briefly jailed). His bold and vivid English he learned only in manhood. And in his academic training he continued to transcend his provincial origins: the Buddhist monk to matriculate in the Ceylon, at the University of Cambridge, he pursued his doctoral studies in India, and his master party in Calcutta, and his work later took him to Paris to study French and Chinese. He was a lively, energetic, and a brilliant scholar, a man of letters, a man of letters, a man of letters.

Nearly half the articles in this volume concern particular issues in Buddhist thought, a proportion which reflects the great contribution made by Rahuja to Western understanding of it in his pellucid *What the Buddha Taught*. Ishai Yamada's treatment of Buddhist doctrine as a form of causation is presented on Rahuja's arguments for the perennial unity of Buddhist thought, and George D. Bond's essay on Theravadin scholarship explores one avenue by which Buddhists have sought to ensure the unity of Buddhist thought. Rahuja's brief article on the source of error (*avidya* or misconception) as conceived in Buddhism arrives at a satisfyingly clear and acceptable interpretation, though by means other than those Rahuja himself would have used. Only Kamalasila's *Bhavadharma* under attempt to subsume Indian Vedanta the tyranny of the Buddha, a rebellious group of essays, which otherwise might rightly emphasize Buddhism's autonomy and pragmatism.

Perhaps the most substantial essays are those devoted to questions of intellectual history. Etienne Lamotte's very dense "Conditioned Co-production" and "Supreme Enlightenment" surveys the relationship, as found in a very large number of texts, between the central Buddhist concepts of the Noble Truths, the interdependence of psycho-physical phenomena and the enlightenment. This will not soon be superseded. André Bareau and Roy Norman are characteristically cau-

ous and self-effacing, but contribute significantly to, respectively, our knowledge of the history of the biography of the Buddha himself and our discrimination of strata in the Buddhist canons. These are tributes to Rahuja's historical sense. But it is Richard Gombrich, whose sociologically sensitive article is devoted to the development of the mythologies of the many past Buddhas, who reminds us of Rahuja's humour and unflinching good cheer by including as a sort of appendix an unorthodox but cheerful piece of Buddhist mythical invention, a religio-philosophical far-below.

Apart from Udaya Mallawarachchi's biographical sketch of Rahuja which is basically a list of honours, awards, and titles, the volume is, of course, a collection of essays, and touching "Thinking of Rahuja" mentions another aspect of the honours' activity: his passionate advocacy of a role for Buddhist monks as humanitarian counsellors and exemplars to those exercising power in Sri Lanka. While Jacques McGarvey's excellent article on contemporary meditation centres in Sri Lanka—skilful in its use of personal journal entries to make impersonal points—stirs us to remember that one of Rahuja's chief concerns must always have been meditation, *bhavana*, a word that could as easily be translated "formation" or *Bildung*.

Christianity, Society and Education, edited by John Ferguson (214pp. SPCK. £5.95. 0 281 03787 6) marks this year's bicentenary of the founding of the first Sunday school by Robert Raikes with a collection of essays on the development of the Sunday school movement over the last two hundred years, the place of the child in the Church and the role of the Church in education. Divided into three parts dealing with Raikes and his Age, nineteenth-century developments and present policies, the volume contains contributions from both historians and educationalists. It includes a description of the charity schools and the eighteenth-century background to Raikes's pioneering work by Anne Briggs, a portrait of Raikes by Frank Bragg, as well as discussions of more general topics such as "Raikes and Reform", "The Sunday School in Nineteenth-Century Literature", "Education and Society", and "The Urban Industrial Mission".

Although obscure, Compton seems to be exactly representative of the middle-class middle-aged Victorian Englishman. He works quite hard at his job, but lacks ambition, having achieved relative comfort with relative ease. He is a clerkly civil servant. When his routine work as a kind of quartermaster at the Woolwich dockyard is upset by the government's decision to send an expeditionary force to Egypt to quell the unruly nationalism of Arabi Pasha, his nerves are severely strained. "Mr Gladstone has asked for a vote of credit, and now of course, as it always is, just at the last moment every order is being pushed out and changed. There is a great deal of worry and annoyance. Indeed last night I could not sleep above an hour all night through mental anxiety." A few weeks later he is surprised to find such energetic quartermastering quite invigorating: "hard work seems to suit me and drive away all the indigestion and dyspepsia."

After the inevitable defeat of the Pasha ("this wonderful battle... thank God for this great national victory after the living of so modest a life."

Richard England's *Schoonerman* (293pp. Bodley Head. £8.95. 0 370 30377 6) is the classic account of the life in and around home-trade merchant schooners in their later years in W.J. Slade's *Out of Appledore*, now in its fourth edition. Mr Slade came of a schooner-owning community and a family which had been deeply involved with sailing, and small vessel management, for several generations, and he wrote of the life and the business from the point of view of someone brought up to them. In contrast, Richard England's account is written from the point of view of a seaman who was not himself part of the community operating the vessels in which he sailed. *Schoonerman* begins in the early 1920s, ten years after the last schooners were built, and when the trade was in rapid decline. As

Business as usual

By Nigel Cross

EUNICE H. TURNER (Editor):
The Diary of Charles Compton (1828-1884)
132pp. Arthur H. Stockwell, Elms Court, Ilfracombe. £5.25.
0 7223 1405

Charles Compton was a devout Victorian, a family man who lived quietly in Woolwich where he worked as a minor civil servant in the Ordnance department of the War Office. The diary he kept for the year 1882 has survived; it is almost the diary of a nobody, though neither as pompous nor as funny as Pooter's. There was a moment when he might have been a somebody, having studied with Millais and Rossetti and exhibited at the Royal Academy, but the lure of the civil service pension (which he did not live to receive) proved too strong. The entry for April 12 reads:

Saw today in the newspaper the account of the death of my old friend and fellow student D. G. Rossetti at Birlington aged 54. Curiously enough, though his name is so well known in art circles (not out of them) I have never seen any picture or work of his since student days, neither do I think have I ever read any of his poems. I remember him as a very brilliant clever student... and now he is gone and the past come up like a vision before me and I see myself and all our band of students—so full of hope and life for the future and now what has he gained and what have I?

Nearly a century later Rossetti remains one of the more widely appreciated Victorian poets and artists. Charles Compton, despite the publication of this diary, was, is, and will remain utterly obscure.

His own domestic life is not without its drawbacks. His wife, whom he nearly always refers to as "my dear wife" or "my poor wife" can be difficult, but lacks ambition, having achieved relative comfort with relative ease. He is a clerkly civil servant. When his routine work as a kind of quartermaster at the Woolwich dockyard is upset by the government's decision to send an expeditionary force to Egypt to quell the unruly nationalism of Arabi Pasha, his nerves are severely strained. "Mr Gladstone has asked for a vote of credit, and now of course, as it always is, just at the last moment every order is being pushed out and changed. There is a great deal of worry and annoyance. Indeed last night I could not sleep above an hour all night through mental anxiety." A few weeks later he is surprised to find such energetic quartermastering quite invigorating: "hard work seems to suit me and drive away all the indigestion and dyspepsia."

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Tins Was, the reminiscences of the painter and stage designer W. Graham Robertson which was first published in 1931, has now been reissued in paperback (314pp. Quartet. £4.50. 0 7043 3358 9) with an introduction by Sir John Gielgud. The book, which covers the period from the 1880s to 1915, contains a series of portraits of Robertson's friends among whom were Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving, Whistler, Wilde, William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and John Singer Sargent.

Sea dogs and Africans

By T. O. Treadwell

JOHN HEARNE:
The Sure Salvation
224pp. Faber. £6.50.
0 571 11670 1

It is the early summer of the year 1860, and the barque *Sure Salvation* lies becalmed in the South Atlantic, festered in the stench of her own garbage which the motionless sea will not wash away. She is not, to put it mildly, a happy ship. Captain Hogarth, the master and owner, seems too capable and too distinguished for so nondescript a vessel and there is an ominous tension in his formal relationship with his cold and fiercely Calvinist wife. The first officer is a doleful, while Reynolds, the cynically efficient second officer, is driven by a fury of bitterness which totters on the edge of the insane. The deckhands exhibit varying degrees of sullenness and stupidity, and even the cook's boy has been reduced by his appalling childhood in the slums of Bristol to an animal suspiciousness and cunning. Below the deck, in conditions of hideous squalor and filth, five hundred Africans lie in chains, waiting to be sold into slavery in the plantations of Brazil. Only the ship's cook, the free American negro Alex Delfosse, seems unaffected by the general misery, though he is a figure even more enigmatic than the rest of the crew, his status on board being mysteriously high.

This is a heady brew, and there will be few readers who are not securely under its influence when John Hearne begins to describe, in a series of deft flashbacks, the different roads that have brought his characters to their present crisis. Captain Hogarth is the pining son of an aristocratic lady

disowned by her family following a runaway marriage to a poor and graceless curate, and his consequent hatred of monied arrogance has hindered a potentially brilliant career. His wife will not forget the agonizing pain she suffered bearing their only child, conceived illegitimately and dying soon after birth, and regards this as God's just punishment for the sins of the flesh. Reynolds has seen a spoiled and vicious older sister deprive him of his father's love and land, while Dunn, the officer-hating deckhand, has watched his family destroyed in some anonymous Cockerham in the brutal grip of the industrial revolution.

By 1860, the slave-trade had been abolished in England for more than fifty years, and a conviction for slaving carried the death penalty, but though the venture on which Captain Hogarth and his crew are engaged is dangerous and illegal, the rewards are high. When the *Sure Salvation* reaches its destination, its crew members will be able to achieve the ambitions which their thwarted lives have denied them, but in the meantime the ship remains trapped in the calm, its encircling filth a neat symbol for the moral squalor of its enterprise. There are decent and reflective souls among the crew, and it is a measure of John Hearne's achievement that the reader comes to understand, and even to sympathize with, the involvement of such men in the beastliness of the slave trade.

The beastliness isn't played down. The most powerful pages in *The Sure Salvation* are those devoted to the young African girl whom the sinister Officer Reynolds takes for his mistress. Snatched without warning from the security of a rich and sustaining culture and forced to adapt its theology to a set of horrible and entirely incomprehensible experiences, her misery and her baffled courage are admirably conveyed. Less successful a character, unfortunately, is Alex the cook, whose

powerful personality turns out to be the motive force behind the venture. A man of unbelievably varied accomplishments (among other things he dresses like a dandy, shoots a pistol like Wyatt Earp, and knows his Plato), he is forced to the enunciation of moral profundities in a kind of Hock Finncowpatois which is a painful exception to the general accuracy of Mr Hearne's ear for dialogue.

The greatest pleasures offered by *The Sure Salvation* derive from its author's gift for irony. In the Captain's cabin, Mrs Hogarth teaches the cook's boy his letters so that he can come to know her stern and implacable God, while below decks Reynolds is instructing his sensitive African mistress in the pronunciation, as her first words of English, of the grossest obscenities. Underlying the story, and giving it shape, is the idea that the slaves are no freer than the slaves - in the novel's culminating irony, they become less so. All men and women are driven by circumstances to positions and actions that they can neither justify nor understand; salvation is offered in many forms, but is never sure.

The ambiguities implicit in the ideas of servitude and freedom have been treated in the genre of sea fiction before, for example, by Melville's *Benito Cereno*, or, for example, by William Golding's recent *Rites of Passage*, another sea story from Faber & Faber with which *The Sure Salvation* will inevitably be compared. John Hearne's novel is looser in construction than *Rites of Passage* - its conclusion, particularly, is flat and disappointing - and it offers nothing like the remarkable amalgam of comedy and despair that Golding communicates through his intelligent but insufferable narrator. But for most of its length *The Sure Salvation* is an absorbing novel. The old power of the sea story to provide pleasure and instruction seems to be as potent as ever.

Hunch and instinct

By David Wilson

JULIAN RATHBONE:
Base Case
187pp. Michael Joseph. £6.50.
0 7181 1993 2

The days of the village policeman (or the precinct cop) are numbered. Contemporary fictional detectives seem increasingly to operate in the global village, and international crime is their beat. It can't be long before high fliers in the force will need a language degree, a fair grasp of world politics and a working knowledge of communications technology. *Base Case* features drug smuggling, a bomb at an airport, an attempted separatist coup and some shady manoeuvring by agents versed in dirty tricks. Not to mention the Foreign Legion and a literary congress.

Julian Rathbone's detective, Commissioner Jan Argand, belongs to the old school of hunch and instinct, but knows his way round the acronyms of multinational newspeak. Argand is seconded from his home base of Brab (on the coast between Holland and Belgium) to act as security adviser to SOBARRS, a EUROSTRUCT subsidiary contracted to build an American nuclear base on the Spanish Virgin Islands. The islands have what Argand's American contact calls an "ongoing shortfall economy-wise", and local opposition will soon learn to love the bomb when the dollars start to flow. Having survived a bomb attack on the journey and found on arrival that his document case has been switched for one containing heroin, Argand has other things on his mind, mainly a suspicion that enemies at home are trying to frame him. The plot sets him on this false trail, leaving for the reader's benefit a few deftly placed markers to its final destination. Argand begins by being an unwitting cog in a wheel of international con-

spiracy, and ends by putting a spoke in it. Occupying a middle ground between detective story and political thriller, the novel needs time to reflect on the broader implications of Argand's investigation. The case against the base, for instance, is put during a chance conversation which Argand has with a local on a bus. Most of these passages, weighing the political and economic issues of nuclear sites on foreign soil, are plausibly dovetailed into the narrative, but some of them stretch coincidence too far. Even less persuasive is the part played by the academics assembled on the island to do homage to its one literary light (along with guavas its only exportable commodity). Julian Rathbone has some fun "quoting" from the texts delivered at this congress and even involves Argand in a debate on Marxism and literature, but, although the parody is accurate, it is hard to see why the book needs these peripheral allusions. In this context a reference to "the essential instability of texts" seems more double-edged than was perhaps intended.

A similar rather forced irony may be the point of Argand's remark that he never allows the possibility of a coincidence. In fact the plot hangs on coincidence. That this is less troubling than it might have been is a tribute to Julian Rathbone's dry engaging style. He is an excellent mimic, and can catch a character in a few lines of dialogue. Argand himself is an interesting creation, by no means entirely sympathetic. A man of moral certainties, he can beat up a suspect in the course (and cause) of duty but is genuinely shocked when he finds the same man tortured and gassed. It's a nice point that the final ramifications of the plot (a triumph of tragedy-comic description as the island's bid for independence is launched in the middle of a garden party) depend on his sense of what ought to happen, even if he is not wholly certain why it is happening. The book ends, happily, with the promise of another case.

Criminal proceedings

By T. J. Binyon

RENNIE AIRTH:
Once a Spy
245pp. Jonathan Cape. £6.50.
0 224 01902 3

Blaney, once in British Intelligence, but now, thankfully, out of it and running a security agency, gets caught back into the game when someone starts knocking off everyone concerned with an operation that took place in Berlin seventeen years before. A subtle, ingenious and neatly fashioned book, which steers a middle course between the probability of one school and the sex and violence of another. Pleasing, too, in that intrigue and motive are human and down-to-earth, rather than apocalyptic and world-shattering.

GEORGE SIMS:
Who is Cato?
169pp. Macmillan. £5.50.
0 333 30638 9

Art-dealer William Marshall, on holiday in Majorca, gets a mysterious message which refers back to his days with radio intelligence during the war. The fog around him grows ever thicker as he's attacked, followed, shunted from one purposeless rendezvous to another, given explanations, each contradicting the previous one. George Sims' latest book is a collection of brilliant, sharp anecdotes which succeed one another with the discontinuity of pictures in an album. Characters appear in the centre foreground, visible down to the last button, and then vanish completely from sight.

Who is Cato? is certainly well put together and extremely well-written, with some memorable lines and clear

actors - the red-headed, aggressive but attractive former show-jumper, now an intelligence agent, Charlotte King, for instance - yet at times the concealed discuss, which should hold the intrigue together beneath the surface, seems to snap completely, leaving the reader as baffled as Marshall himself.

SIMON BRETT:
Situation Tragedy
170pp. Collier. £5.95.
0 575 02973 0

Arthur Charles Paris, Simon Brett's usual hero, while playing the part of a barman in what sounds like a routine television serial, *The Stranger*, becomes intrigued by the frequency with which fatal accidents occur of members of the cast and production team. Solution perhaps over-cautious, but otherwise warmly recommended. Simon Brett skins commercial television alive with a deft and stylish scalpel.

A. C. R. SMITH:
Extra Cover
152. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5.50.
0 297 77924 9

Charley Midson is invited for a country-house weekend to play cricket and put the wind up his host's business partner. But, as he'd have known if he'd read anything except *When and Where to Play*, things are more complicated. *Charley's Guide*, things are more complicated than they seem, and he has to catch himself out of a sticky-wicket situation. Pbt cracks a bit, but the cricket's good enough to make up

For more information on this and other books, see the book review section on page 711.

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Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst
RAF Staff College, Bracknell, Berks

Home Office
Fire Service College, Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire
Police Staff College, Bramshill, Hampshire

Civil Service Department
Central Management Library, Old Admiralty Building, Whitehall, London

Further vacancies may arise in these and other Departments. Salary: £4800-£5745 (London up to £1016 higher). Starting salary may be above the minimum. Promotion prospects. For full details and an application form (to be returned by 10 July 1981) write to Civil Service Commission, Alconon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 86851 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote ref: GIB24. T.L.S.103

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(3) Knowledge of Irish.
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25-45 years with extensions in certain cases.
Application forms etc. from:
Application forms etc. from Secretary, Local Appointments Commission, 1 Lower Grand Canal Street, Dublin 2.
Closing date: 18 July 1981. T.L.S.103

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of Higher Education
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Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Chief Administrative Officer, Bedford College of Higher Education, Cauldwell Street, Bedford MK42 9AH. Applications should be returned as soon as possible. T.L.S.103

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LONDON

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